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<b>RACE 2</b> Atomic Power Desire Oakland Bridge Outsider: V. I. P.	<b>RACE 2</b> Desire Topper Harmony Outsider: Lana.
<b>RACE 3</b> Wonderful Girl Jackal Sulphur Outsider: Rifle.	<b>RACE 3</b> Wonderful Girl Rifle Ironside Outsider: Speed Wheel.
<b>RACE 4</b> Calamity Half Moon Bay Killara Outsider: Copper.	<b>RACE 4</b> Merry Uncle Dynamic View Jericho Outsider: Calamity.
<b>RACE 5</b> Jennifer Arlford Roue D'or Outsider: Winged.	<b>RACE 5</b> Sans Atout Roue D'or Winged Outsider: Amber.
<b>RACE 6</b> Cleopatra Fort Knox Shannon Outsider: Barbarian.	<b>RACE 6</b> Ben More Prestwood Adamant Outsider: Golden Dragon.
<b>RACE 7</b> Hoi Polloi Nose Lady Ipp Mask Outsider: Peacock.	<b>RACE 7</b> Hoi Polloi Nose Lady Stirling Castle Outsider: Midnight Express.
<b>RACE 8</b> Dawn Jorjocks Radiation Outsider: Trade Wind.	<b>RACE 8</b> Dawn Jorjocks Bonnie Eyes Outsider: Trade Wind.
<b>RACE 9</b> Bashful Beauty Panda High Speed Outsider: Clonfeckle.	<b>RACE 9</b> Skymaster Bashful Beauty Panda Outsider: High Speed.
<b>RACE 10</b> Jettie Fearless Witness Happy Boy Outsider: Estrellita.	<b>RACE 10</b> Happy Boy Fearless Witness Fat Choy Outsider: Jettie.
<b>RACE 11</b> The Tigress Spanish Onion Hopper Outsider: Battelfield.	<b>RACE 11</b> Battelfield The Tigress Honey Dew Outsider: Sparkling Eyes.
<b>RACE 12</b> Forward View Lucky Strike Xerxes Outsider: Minx.	<b>RACE 12</b> Robin Hood Lucky Strike Geogirl Outsider: Xerxes.

## Easter Eggs For Troops



## 12% Wage Raise For Paris Workers

Paris, Mar. 23. The French Government, in the face of paralysing strikes, tonight decided to raise the wages of all workers in the Paris area by just over 12 percent.

Their minimum hourly wage rate goes up from 78 francs to 87 francs 50 centimes.

The Paris minimum hourly wage rate is the basis for all wage negotiations. The lowest provincial hourly wage rate was raised from 64 francs to 74 francs—an increase of just over 15.6 percent.

The unexpected Government decision—earlier forecasts had said that they could agree to no more than a 10 percent increase—came after the chief non-Communist trade union, Force Ouvrière, had decided to prolong the 48-hour railway strike due to end at midnight tonight by another two days.

The decision to prolong the rail paralysis over the Easter week-end came as a Cabinet meeting on wages was continuing into the night and followed reports that the Government

would offer a 10 percent wage increase to all wage earners. The Wage Advisory Board, on which labour and management are represented, yesterday declared that the cost of living had risen 12 and a half percent since the present minimum was set last August.

(The Communist-led trade unions disassociated themselves from this figure, considering it to be 15 per cent.)

NO BUSES RUNNING Since 1939 wages have been fixed by the Ministry of Transport and the men have long complained that the process of negotiation was slow and cumbersome compared with private industry.

In the Paris metro only about 70 trains were running today—less than one-sixth of the usual number. Buses were off the streets for the eighth day running.

The Minister of Information, M. Albert Gazier, said that traffic on main lines was from 55 to 65 percent of normal. The Transport Ministry announced that several thousand of the 30,000 railwaymen "called up" individually by the Government had reported back to work.

The requisition orders, delivered by gendarmes to the homes of the workers, were ignored in Paris except at the Gare du Nord and in South-West France. Half the requisitioned workers went to work in Western and South-Eastern France, but the orders were generally followed in Eastern France—Reuter.

## 12 Schoolgirls Fall To Death

Karachi, Mar. 23. Twelve Pakistani schoolgirls fell more than 80 feet to their deaths when the railings of a balcony gave way two days ago, it was learned here today. Two other girls were badly hurt.

The girls—aged between seven and nine—had gathered on a balcony at their primary school in Karachi, a town near Lahore on West Punjab, to listen to the wailing of women mourners in an adjacent building.

The concrete railings of the balcony gave way and in a flash the 14 girls lay in a pool of blood. Nine died instantly, and three later in hospital—Reuter.

## QUITE AN EGG!

Charbonnières, Western France, Mar. 23. A bumper Easter egg, with a circumference of 19 centimetres (7½ inches) and weighing 155 grammes, was laid here today by a hen belonging to Madame Durand. The owner said that after being on strike for several days her hen made a special Easter egg—Reuter.

Girls of the NAAFI at Kenningsway, London, have recently been busy packing up Easter eggs for the Forces' shops and canteens all over the world. This picture shows Mrs. Rose Cusell, "gets cracking with the packing" as she puts chocolate Easter eggs into boxes for despatch to the troops.

## STOP PRESS

## MacArthur Suggests A Settlement

### Invitation To Reds In Korea

Tokyo, Mar. 24. General Douglas MacArthur said today (Saturday) the Allies have cleared South Korea of Communist forces and invited the Reds to confer on a settlement of the Korean war.

In a statement before leaving Tokyo for the front, Gen. MacArthur said he was "ready at any time to confer with the Commander-in-Chief of the enemy forces in the earnest effort" to settle the war "without further bloodshed."

He said the Chinese had been hard hit and their supply lines wrecked. Gen. MacArthur added: "The enemy must by now be painfully aware that a decision of the United Nations to depart from its tolerant effort to contain the war to the area of Korea, through an extension of our military operations to his coastal areas and military bases, would doom Red China to the risk of imminent military collapse."

WHAT REDS LACK In his predeparture statement, Gen. MacArthur commented that Red China lacks the industrial capacity to build a military machine. United Nations control of the skies and the sea gives the Allies control of supplies, communications and transportation, he added.

"The resulting disparity is such that it cannot be overcome by bravery, however fanatical, or the most gross indifference to human loss," he said. "Once Red China realizes that she cannot hope to stand off an attack by the UN there should be no 'difficulty' arriving at decisions on the Korean problem," Gen. MacArthur said.

In announcing his willingness to settle the war without further bloodshed, Gen. MacArthur said: "The Korean nation and people which have been so brutally ravaged must not be sacrificed."

## Schoolteachers Strike

Djakarta, Mar. 23. Five thousand Indonesian schoolteachers have threatened to strike in support of their demand for a 31-hour working week. The Anas news agency said today: "The Indonesian Ministry of Education wants a 26-hour week—Reuter."

Associated Press

Associated Press

Associated Press

Associated Press

Associated Press

# UN Tanks Link Up With Paratroops

## SIGNIFICANT OPERATION NEAR THE 38TH

Rumbling British tanks, spearheading Allied ground troops, drove 18 miles from the main United Nations lines north of Seoul tonight to link up with a powerful American paratroop force dropped within nine miles of the 38th Parallel a few hours earlier.

The mechanised task force, including self-propelled artillery and a unit of combat engineers, met the paratroopers in shell-shattered, deserted Munsan, 25 miles above the South Korean capital and on the main highway to Pyongyang, the North Korean capital, another 100 miles further on.

The ground forces reported only slight resistance but heavily-mined patches of road.

Only 50 Communist prisoners were taken in the surprise operation around Munsan.

A second Allied task force, driving northeast of Seoul, today entered Uijongju, 10 miles northeast of the city.

General Matthew B. Ridgway, the Eighth Army Commander, who directed the airborne landing, said that the paratroops had "no appreciable losses."

The well-timed link-up of the powerful task force with the paratroops at the battered road hub of Munsan was designed to catch the retreating Chinese Communist and North Korean forces above Seoul in a massive "pincer" attack.

Uijongju, captured today by Allied troops, was considered by United Nations military observers

to be the town for which, because of its strategic position as a road centre, the Communists would at least make a rear-guard stand.

The pull-out of the Communist troops gave a strong indication that they may not attempt to fight in the western sector anywhere short of the Parallel.

LIMITED ADVANCES The Eighth Army Headquarters said that today's link-up of Allied troops at Munsan was made at 6.30 p.m. after the task force, under the command of Brigadier-General John E. Cowdon, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, raced northward, encountering only slight resistance, but running into several heavily-mined areas.

Elsewhere in Korea, the Eighth Army's night communiqué said, Allied forces made limited advances during the day on the central front against light resistance and in the east United Nations troops continued their aggressive patrolling.

Fifteen American Sabre jets clashed with more than 30 Russian-type MIG-15 jet fighters in one of the biggest air battles of the war near Shinuiju, on the Manchurian border.

The Americans claimed two Communist planes damaged. Both the damaged Communist jets were credited to a single pilot—First Lieutenant William S. Yancy, of Highland Falls, New York.

American pilots described the MIGs as very aggressive despite the fact that they broke off contact after a 15-minute duel and headed for Manchuria—Reuter.

Colonel William ("Willie") Burke, deputy Commander of the 27th Brigade, has assumed command of the Commonwealth Brigade.

Brigadier Coad, a sky, retiring man of 46, ended his service with the British, Australian, New Zealand and Canadian troops he commanded by his fearlessness and regard for his men.

A brilliant tactician, he made the 27th Brigade, which he brought from Hongkong to Korea last August, a byword in this campaign.

Rushed to Korea to help the hard-pressed American forces battling to hold the shrinking Pusan "defence box" against overwhelming odds, the Brigade, at that time consisting of only the Middlesex and Argyll Battalions, went straight into the line. They have seldom been out of it since.

Brigadier Coad not only had to fight battles; he also had to build a fighting machine out of two under-strength battalions, one of which—the Middlesex—consisted mainly of green, untrained National Servicemen.

Brigadier Coad's command last August consisted of little more than a thousand infantrymen with no supporting weapons and no artillery. From that tiny, undermanned force he led a Brigade of tough, rugged fighters to a smashing victory in the battle they fought.

Brigadier Coad, who was awarded the American Silver Star for gallantry, was made a Commander of the British Empire for his services in this campaign. It was a fitting tribute—Reuter.

## Jap Peace Treaty Western Powers To Go Ahead

London, Mar. 23. Official sources said on Friday there appeared little doubt now that the Western powers would proceed with the Japanese peace conference without Russia and Communist China.

These sources said that since the United States had made known its terms, the way was open to discussions "among friendly powers."

It was the view of British officials that membership of the peace conference should be open to categories:

- (1) Those countries who made direct contributions to the war against Japan;
- (2) Those who suffered from Japanese aggression;
- (3) Those with special interests in the Pacific.

Britain believes the conference should proceed with all participants counting technically as equals, but that the "major interests" of the United States must be taken into account.

NO LARGE DIFFERENCES Official sources said Britain still believed every opportunity should be given to both Russia and China to attend the Japanese peace conference with the proviso that they agreed to a procedure "generally acceptable."

It was understood the Commonwealth countries and the United States agreed the conference should include all nations joining in the Pacific War "who would abide by the decisions of a two-thirds majority."

Official sources said the number of points of difference between the Commonwealth countries and the United States over the Japanese peace treaty was "not very large." It was thought unlikely that the "generous terms" of the United States would present any difficulties, and it was believed they might even prove to be an inducement to the Peking government not to ally itself with Russia's position on procedure.

Official sources said there was little likelihood now of the United States being "voted down" by Commonwealth countries and other participants at the Japanese peace conference. Special interest was being attached to American proposals that the future of South Sakhalin and the Kurile Islands be raised at the peace conference. This was an offer to reopen the whole question of the Yalta protocol and to challenge Russia's right to these former Japanese islands. It was seen here as a move carefully planned for the attention of the Japanese, while the American suggestion that the future of Formosa and the Pescadores should be discussed at the same time as South Sakhalin and the Kuriles was thought likely to prove attractive to Communist China—United Press.

## COMMENT OF THE DAY

### Magistrates' Courts Problem

IN his maiden speech before Legislative Council on Wednesday the Hon. M. W. Lo drew attention to a problem of some magnitude, calling for serious consideration by the Authorities. Mr. Lo referred to "tendencies which, if unchecked, must affect the fair name of British justice." The tendencies, as the speaker sees them, are to overburden our magisterial courts with trivial cases to such an extent that justice is in danger of becoming a travesty. A cited illustration was that of 50 summonses in which all defendants pleaded guilty and all were fined the same amount without any one of them being given a chance to plead mitigating circumstances. Manifestly this is not the way in which British courts are expected to function; yet unless our magistrates are to sit 16 hours a day, six days a week, they cannot dispense justice as laid down by the British code. One obvious suggestion is to increase the number of magistrates, which in turn calls for additional courts. It would be the correct solution to the problem, but it is a solution which cannot be applied immediately for a variety of reasons. Wherefore cognisance must be taken of one ameliorating proposal advanced by Mr. Lo: that traffic police be empowered to put "stickers" on cars where the drivers have been guilty of a trivial offence, the "sticker" to state the amount of the fine due, where it can be paid, and by what date. Failure to comply, naturally, would result in a summons being issued carrying a heavier penalty. If the offence was shown to be inexcusable, this system would help to keep the courts clear of drivers guilty of committing trivial traffic offences and would still permit anybody who felt they were protected by mitigating circumstances to make

their plea to a magistrate. If Government accepts the idea in principle, there appears to be a natural opportunity for the Traffic Department and the Automobile Association to hold consultations and to work out a schedule of offences which can strictly be regarded as trivial or technical. Traffic offenders, of course, are not the only people cluttering up the courts and making it more and more difficult for magistrates to deal with defendants within the strict code of British justice. There are the hawkers who frequently appear 100 at a time and must be dealt with en bloc; there are the increasing number of juvenile offenders which tax not only the time of the courts, but raise serious doubts as to whether fines, the cane, and other forms of punishment help in any way to deter them from their unsocial mode of living; more especially as so many of them are used as catspaws by unscrupulous parents and so-called guardians. They represent a special problem, though it is still part of the problem confronting our magistrates as to how they can deal adequately with all the cases they are expected to handle every day. The situation demands a long-term policy that will enable the Colony to possess more courts and more magistrates to administer them. In the meantime expedient action is required and Government should make it a duty to explore methods by which our magistrates can be relieved of dealing with trivial and technical offences, thus allowing them to give full time to the heavy task of judging serious crime and misdemeanours which, unhappily, are all too prevalent. Possibly extension of the JFs courts would make a valuable contribution.

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# SCIENCE STALKS THE COMMON COLD



PRESENCE of cold virus is determined by the revolutionary colour test, which darkens the specimen. The clear liquid is germ-free.



Wearing a disease-proof mask, a technician enters the "cold" room, where volunteers rest after exposure to virus. All men, with one exception, caught cold after single injection.



ILLUMINATED by a special device, a hen's egg is inoculated with the cold virus by a government bacteriologist preparing new cultures.

WITH THE hot breath of medical science breathing down its neck, the common cold seems well on its way to eventual control. By tracking down the elusive sub-germ, health scientists have opened the door to a possible saving of an estimated billion dollars which industry loses annually in time out for sickness. And then there's the billion or more spent by after the sniffles show up.

A history-making project is in progress at the U.S. National Institute of Health at Bethesda, Md., where a newly-developed cold test has speeded up the testing part of research about 750 percent. The germ is so tiny it cannot be separated from a specimen by the finest laboratory filter. It was finally isolated by a chemical test which shows it exists, even though the most powerful microscope will not reveal it to the eye.

In the test, three chemicals are added to the specimen. If the germ, or virus, is present, a colour appears which ranges in depth from pink to a brownish hue. How this relieves the tedium of the work can be seen by considering the procedure used at the beginning to test for the presence of the germ in the specimen.

Volunteers were obtained among inmates of the Lawton Reformatory, near Washington, D. C. The first step was to obtain a culture, or specimen. Streptomycin and penicillin, to which the cold virus is impervious, were added, keeping out germs not concerned in the test. The researchers then sprayed the nasal passages of the subjects with the mixture and put the men in hospital-type quarters to await developments.

It is now believed possible that some disease viruses may be latent in men, causing no apparent harm until started on destructive work by some stimulus. And it may be that victims of constant colds are allergic to certain things, like a hay fever sufferer affected by ragweed.



A VOLUNTEER is injected with cold virus by the doctor, who injects germ-laden fluid into his nostrils. Five-four groups of eight volunteers each were used for tests. They were inmates of Lawton Reformatory.



SEVEN DAYS after the eggs were incubated, laboratory technicians, using special equipment, collect the egg fluid. Research with human sub-virus was transferred from embryo to embryo among fertile eggs.



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**MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN**

London's Film Critics Agree On This Point:

## MEN WHO SEE SIX-FOOT RABBITS SHOULD NOT BE POPPED INTO A MENTAL HOME

Mrs Mary Chase's play about a pooka and his pal is one at which audiences all over the world have laughed inordinately since it was first presented in 1944—but I wonder a little just why. Is the film version of "Harvey" really as funny as all that?

The central figure in the piece, you may recall, is a Mr Elwood P. Dowd, a man of the most amiable, sweet, gentle and generous disposition, who, to the embarrassment and resentment of his family and friends, is everywhere accompanied by his invisible white rabbit—six feet three and a half inches tall—by the name of Harvey.

A plot to have Mr Dowd popped into a mental home fails—and Mr Dowd's sister at the last moment vetoes a plan to have her brother normalised with serum injections: rather than have Mr Dowd reduced to the level of ordinary, drab, gum humanity, she will put up with Harvey around the house.

Who wouldn't? I can credit it that there are people stuffy enough not to believe in the existence, outside an imagination inflamed by alcohol, of an invisible white rabbit, six feet three and a half inches tall—but it does seem to me awfully depressing that people should feel that no man as sweet, amiable, gentle and generous as Mr Dowd could possibly be in his right mind.

There is nothing much to laugh at there—and in its suggestion that mental homes are run by doctors who are themselves crackers, and that patients are at the mercy of sub-human attendants who manhandle them gleefully, "Harvey" is considerably more alarming than "The Snake Pit."

The film Harvey is the dearest creature you never saw, simply because Mr James Stewart, as Mr Dowd, is himself the dearest man.

There is nothing essentially ludicrous about this Mr Dowd—in fact when he describes his first meeting with Harvey and tells how they spend their days in the innocent pursuit of happiness, he is wonderfully touching. There should be more such people—more such pookas.

Miss Josephine Hull gives a slightly starchy performance as Mr Dowd's sister, but is quite a darling old thing—and Mr Cecil Kellaway makes the unstable psychiatrist as amusing as an unstable psychiatrist ever could be.

But the film is astonishingly slow. Only Mr Stewart's luminous performance saves it from being positively dull.

ELSEFETH GRANT

**Square rabbit in a round hole**

THE point of view that men who like pubs are less mean in the mind, less phished in the soul, than those who dare not, is most winningly and discreetly put forward by "Harvey."

Of course you know about "Harvey." It became an institution on the American stage. Then it came to London, and gave us our last memory of that great artist Sid Field. Now, with the inevitability of rain at Old Trafford, it has achieved celluloid.

Its hero, Elwood P. Dowd, is a gentle idealist who lives in a fourth dimension of timelessness and spaceless good will to all men (and women).

This private world of his is largely made possible by the amount of time he passes in bed, by the fortunate possession of a private income, and by his devotion to an imaginary rabbit, Harvey, who is his constant companion.

Because Elwood persists in treating Harvey as a real person—opening doors for him, introducing him to people, and so on—his relatives naturally think him mad, and try to have him put away.

But in the end the relatives and the seditionists people begin to wonder if it isn't they who are mad and if Elwood's dream-world isn't better than all.

To be honest, this is a well-acted whiner, and normally one is opposed to whiners. This one, however, is not.

to making an exception, at any rate as far as the idea of Mary Chase's play is concerned. Where the film of "Harvey" fails to come off is in the execution.

In the theatre, a place of make-believe, the rabbit fantasy succeeded. Harvey was as real as the ripe, intimate figure of Sid Field. The cinema, unfortunately, is a medium that thrives on realism. It has more tricks with which to play up fantasy, but the illusion is not there.

James Stewart has a good go at the part. But his personality is too dry. Hard though he works—and he is very well assisted by Cecil Kellaway and Jesse White—he cannot overcome the difficulty that this is a clear case of a play that should not have been converted into a movie.—FRED MAJ-DALANY.

**Rabbit pit?**

I REALLY do believe the invisible rabbit who plays the title role in "Harvey" and James Stewart, a very gentle and endearing inebriate, does

as well by Harvey's owner as did Frank Fay, Sid Field, Joe E. Brown, Jack Buchanan and Leslie Henson before him.

Josephine Hull appears less happily as Mr Stewart's sister, pulling out every slapstick stop and playing too robustly against the picture's halcyon mood, like a bassoonist drowning the horns of elfland.

Otherwise, no complaints, except... should we have been taken so far into the lunatic asylum as to see those warm baths and those cold matrons? This is a comedy, not a Rabbit Pit.—PAUL DEHN.



From left to right—Elwood P. Dowd (James Stewart), Harvey (Just Harvey and nobody else) and Elwood's sister, Veta Louise (Josephine Hull). You may argue that Harvey isn't there, but so do many others.

## Behind Closed Doors

Winchester Pictures is making at RKO Radio a science-fiction film titled "The Thing" from another world.

The set is closed to everyone working on the lot, to all casual visitors, to all working newspapermen.

Producer Howard Hawks is very friendly to everyone, also very firm on the subject of enforcing secrecy. Never, since back in 1939 when Warner Brothers threw a cordon of police around the stage while shooting "Confessions of a Nazi Spy," has there been a more perfect job of airtight movie sealing.

"The Thing" from another world is not a "quickie" as are some films made in secrecy. So carefully has the project been concealed that there is very little chance of anyone working on the picture even being able to provide worthwhile clues. Hawks took every precaution to assure this before the film went into production. One of the prime reasons why he cast the picture with unknown players, the admits, was because he could get them to sign without having seen the script. Another reason is that stars or name players would be recognized as such, whereas Hawks feels the public will visualize his unknown cast as actual people, not as actors.

Hawks also scheduled the shooting so that actors playing bits will finish early before the mysterious "Thing" makes its sound stage appearance thereby creating a minimum of human contact with the picture. Even the "The Thing" and "The Thing" have been sealed off.

There hasn't been a better job of sealing since the days when Grandson used wax for his costume repairs.

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## AMERICAN COLUMN

## Red tints the little Oscars

From NEWELL ROGERS

NEW YORK. HOLLYWOOD is almost ready for its biggest show of the year. Seats, with dinner thrown in, cost 49c. each. Fred Astaire is the Master of ceremonies.

At this annual banquet of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences the award of the little golden statuettes called Oscars will be announced. They go to the best film director, best actress, best actor of the year, and are worth a fortune in free publicity.

The votes of 1,650 Academy members elect the winners. But reports in Variety, the show business weekly, say: "For the first time political influence may be a factor in the polling."

The trouble is that eight days before the banquet Washington begins an investigation of Communist influence in Hollywood. Already there are whispering campaigns against some leading contenders for the statuettes. Right-wingers denounce suspected Left-wingers. There is a Red taint on the golden Oscars.

DEER sales shoot up in bars. Crowds are pouring in to pour it down as they watch gambler Costello before the Senate crime investigation committee over the Inverness TV.

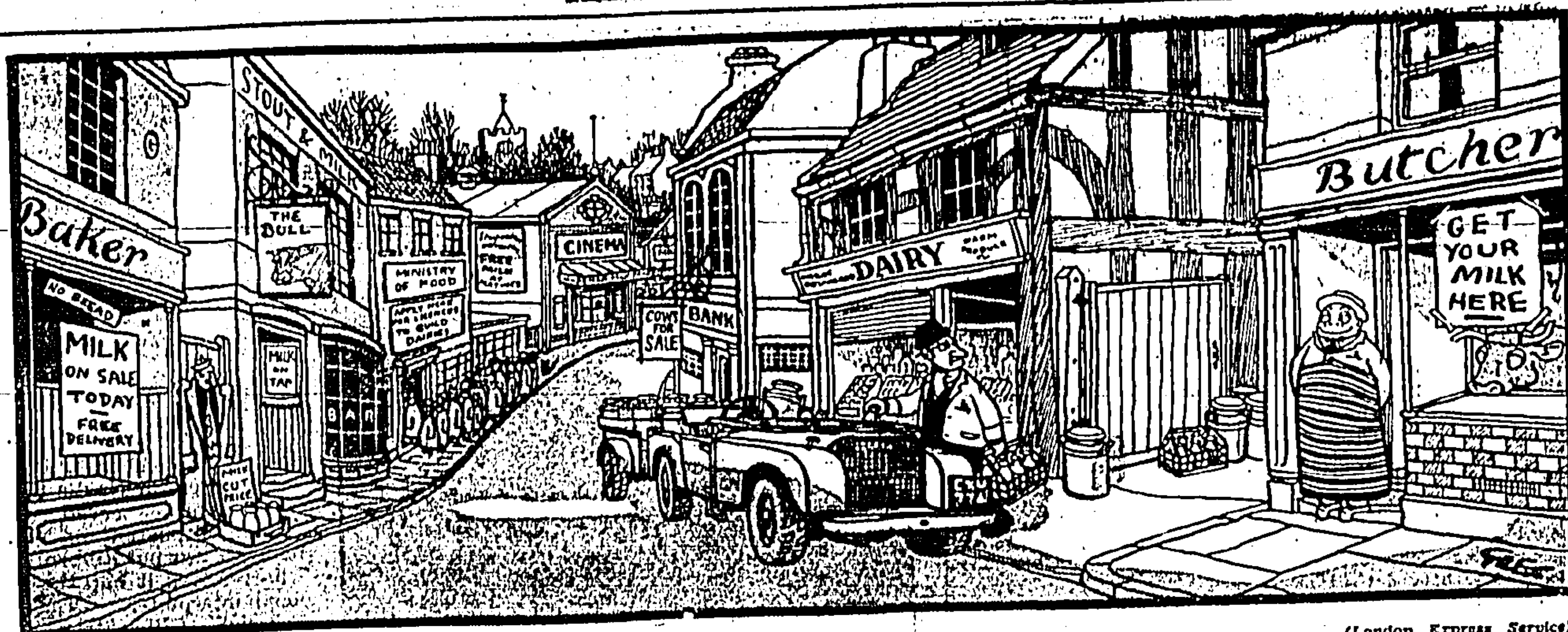
THE LAST CHANCE saloon in Anchorage, Alaska, one of the last chances for a drink this side of the North Pole, has this sign over its bar: "Why be so difficult when with a little effort you can be impossible?"

THE HIGHEST court in the land will examine the legal power of New Jersey to require the reading of five Old Testament verses in State schools, and permit the recitation of the Lord's Prayer. The displaced taxpayers appealed to the Supreme Court.

PEACE can save lives on the roads. If safety expert Sidney Williams is right, he reports that fear of death in war causes road deaths. Says he: "There is a feeling of 'Eat, drink, and be merry' at 70 miles an hour, for tomorrow we may go to Korea."

HOPE grows for the building of the St. Lawrence waterway to open the continent's industrial heart to ocean shipping. Its backers argue that the impending exhaustion of Minnesota's iron mines makes cheaper transport from Labrador's newly found deposits a "must."

The BRITISH force "Springtime for Henry" has been played 1,500 times by Edward Everett Horton since 1933, but always in the provinces. He has now finally made his Broadway debut in it.



Anyone can now sell milk without a permit in England

(London Express Service)

## 2,000 MILES OF MEAT—7,000 MILES AWAY



Inside the dotted line is the Rich Grass country of the Argentine—where the best of their beef comes from. For comparison: the map of Britain drawn to the same scale

## PERON PUTS THE FLAGS OUT FOR ME

Frowns are changed to smiles—  
but alas, his Majesty's Mr. Joint  
is still far from the dotted line

by R. M. MacCOLL (pictured here)

Buenos Aires. THE fifty of us who had just flown in from Miami were sitting in a circle in the handsome Buenos Aires airport building feeling more than a trifle foolish. For we all had steel thermometers stuck in our mouths by a majestic nurse, in accordance with the Argentine's medical regulations.

Suddenly, a voice rang out over the loudspeaker. "Senor MacColl" Hostly putting aside my thermometer, I rose and walked into the immigration office, trailed by the envious gaze of my fellow-travellers. Why, they doubtless wondered, had I been called first of the lot?

A bronzed young man with a black moustache greeted me genially. "I represent the Argentine Foreign Office," he explained. "I hope that you have a most enjoyable trip and that your stay here will be of the most pleasant."

He flipped his fingers at the immigration officials. "Are the formalities complete?" Bowing, they passed me through in 20 seconds flat.

In the Customs shed my Foreign Office friend—his first name was Jorge—said: "It would be a pleasure to drive you into town, if I may. Just tell me anything you want. I am here to help you. I was on a holiday, but I have returned to be of service to you."

In the nearly quarter of a century that I have knocked about the world as a reporter, I can count on the fingertips of one hand the number of Foreign Office representatives who have seen fit to give me an official greeting in a new country.

When Sir John Balfour, the British Ambassador, left Buenos Aires not long ago at the end of his term there was a single Argentine official to see him off.

Britain's diplomatic representative is ignored by their Foreign Office, which now welcomes me. What is going on? The answer is interesting. And it may have a bearing on that meat England has been waiting for.

## A change

SUDDENLY, about a fortnight ago, there was a sharp change in the political atmosphere as far as the British here were concerned. Smiles appeared where before there were only aloof frowns. Gestures of friendliness were made.

And that may well mean that the Argentine is as anxious as we are to see the present talks result in an agreement that will put the meat back on English plates. And, believe me, there is plenty of it waiting to come.

You pretty well have to run and hide from the steaks in all its forms urged upon me at every meal except breakfast. It all culminated at dinner to-night with a "Baby Beef" which would have sated three austere Britons.

It looked as though they were serving up an entire steer, having paused just long enough to clip off its ears for the sake of tidiness. The cost? Half a crown. Lots of good red wine to wash it down, too.

## Coal, please

AND what of Mr. Joint, his Majesty's Minister in charge of Commercial Affairs? Well, the Joint has disappeared from English tables—and the Joint is out of the limelight here, too. Many people thought that this latest in the marathon series of meat talks would be

## Like Britain

So far the talks have produced nothing except a little shadow-boxing. Perhaps this week the cordial atmosphere may lead to the hatching of some sort of economic egg—although nobody seems awfully optimistic.

Meanwhile, you catch endless nostalgic glimpses of the old-time British influence in this bustling city of 4,000,000 men and women.

Here, where summer is just ending and Panama hats and white suits are the order of the day, the red pillar-boxes are

very like home. And the drive in from the airport along the broad arterial highway, flanked by big modern factories, reminded me of a sub-tropical Great West Road. The little Union Jacks in the haberdashers' windows mean that the shirts on sale are proudly "English," and people still like to shop at the local Harrods.

And they just could not get through the local soccer season without English refs—about 20 were out here this year to keep the peace.

## Yes, I go

HELLO, there goes my telephone. Well, it was my friend Jorge, from the Foreign Office. He tells me that he is racing his British sports M.G. against some "North American" on a track near here, and would I like to go and watch?

In the words of that once-famous advertisement—"Where's Jorge?" Answer: Gone to the races. And where's MacColl? Answer: Gone to watch Jorge. Viva Anglo-Argentine cordiality.

(London Express Service)

## K.O. for Plato

PATRICIA MORISON TAKES OXFORD'S MIND OFF BOOKS.

LONDON, March 9. OUTSIDE the New Theatre, Oxford, undergraduates in remarkably coloured corduroys and duffle coats wait for hours in long patient lines. Many have brought bundles of books, but their minds are not wholly on those Platonic texts. Today is their last chance to see Patricia Morison in the try-out of the precision-hit musical "Kiss Me, Kate," which moves to London next week.

In the week she has been in Oxford Miss Morison has become the toast of the junior common room. Quiet quadrangles are loud with records of the show smugly from New York. Parties of young men meet after the theatre to drink to Miss M's limpid blue eyes in champagne.

## Doesn't Care

She has been inundated with invitations to these parties. Sighed Colin MacKenzie, of Magdalen: "She is so very much lovelier than her photographs."

She is 35 years old, and cares not who knows it. Gazing unperturbed into a dressing-room mirror which reflected back a face luscious with theatrical cream, she commented crisply:

WOMAN of the WEEK

by Evelyn

IRONS

see no reason to fib about my age. Some women do. It's silly."

Maybe Miss Morison will change this viewpoint later, but so far it must be acknowledged that she has no need to worry. Even in a scarlet flannel dressing gown and a disintegrating make-up, she was a pretty picture with her celebrated red-brown hair ("the length is 42in.—official") cascading down her back and her outsize eyes fringed with fabulous lashes. She washes and grooms her hair herself, scrubs her face with soap and water, uses no fancy creams or lotions.

"She's not just lovely—she looks terribly intelligent," babbled an undergraduate admirer. And certainly Miss Morison is a long way beyond matriculation standard.

From her public (secondary to us) school in New York she won an art scholarship which would have taken her to Paris for three years. But Patricia, then 10, told her parents that she would not accept the assignment. "I want," she announced, "to be an actress."

It was no case of an immediate leap to stardom. Her first engagement after gradu-

ing from dramatic school at the Neighbourhood Playhouse was a very small part in a play called "Growing Pains."

From then up to her first spectacular success in the 17-months' run of "Kiss Me, Kate" in New York, progress was gradual.

"Actors," she believes, "should be able to play any part." From a nice little singing role in the Victorian opera "The Two Bouquets" she transferred to Hollywood early in 1939, where she found herself typed as a gangster's moll after getting herself noticed in the real-life crime film "Persons in Hiding."

Hollywood is still her home. Her eyes and her neat figure—she is 5ft 4½in. tall with a 24in. waist—she inherits from her mother, Rosecommon-born Selma Cameron, a relative of the fiery Sir Edward.

Mrs Morison worked in the censorship office in London during the 1914-18 war, and her daughter recalls that she was chosen as spokeswoman to protest at the House of Commons about the discharge of women from their jobs after the Armistice.

That was because she was Irish and had the gift of the gab, remarked Miss Morison.

## The Outpost

Morison, born in Wallasey, of Scottish origin, lives with his wife in Patricia's four-roomed American colonial-style house in the Outpost, on the hills dominating Los Angeles.

William Norman Rainey Morison retired from business some years ago; now writes plays, and sends small parts in films.

There are few glamorous parties for Miss Morison at her



PATRICIA MORISON

home in Hollywood. "I work rather hard," she says. "And glamour doesn't much interest me."

She likes to take long walks with her apricot-coloured miniature poodle, Prince Igor. Painting which nearly became her profession, is still her hobby; she specialises in portraits. For, reading she prefers biography, "I like to read about real people as well as to paint them," she says.

## 'My Maestro'

I found myself out of my depth when she talked about Mexican painters, about whom she appears omniscient. But you and I will come to the surface when she says that if she has one favourite artist it is the Spaniard El Greco, whose works she intends to see in Madrid ("My first visit to the Continent").

She enjoys classical music; among singers her favourites are Flagstad and Trubel, who taught Margaret Truman, the President's daughter.

Her own voice she owes, she says, "entirely to my maestro." He has taught me "very little." This grey-haired, burly Englishman is singing: "Goodbye, Richard." He came here with Miss Morison, seldom leaves her side.

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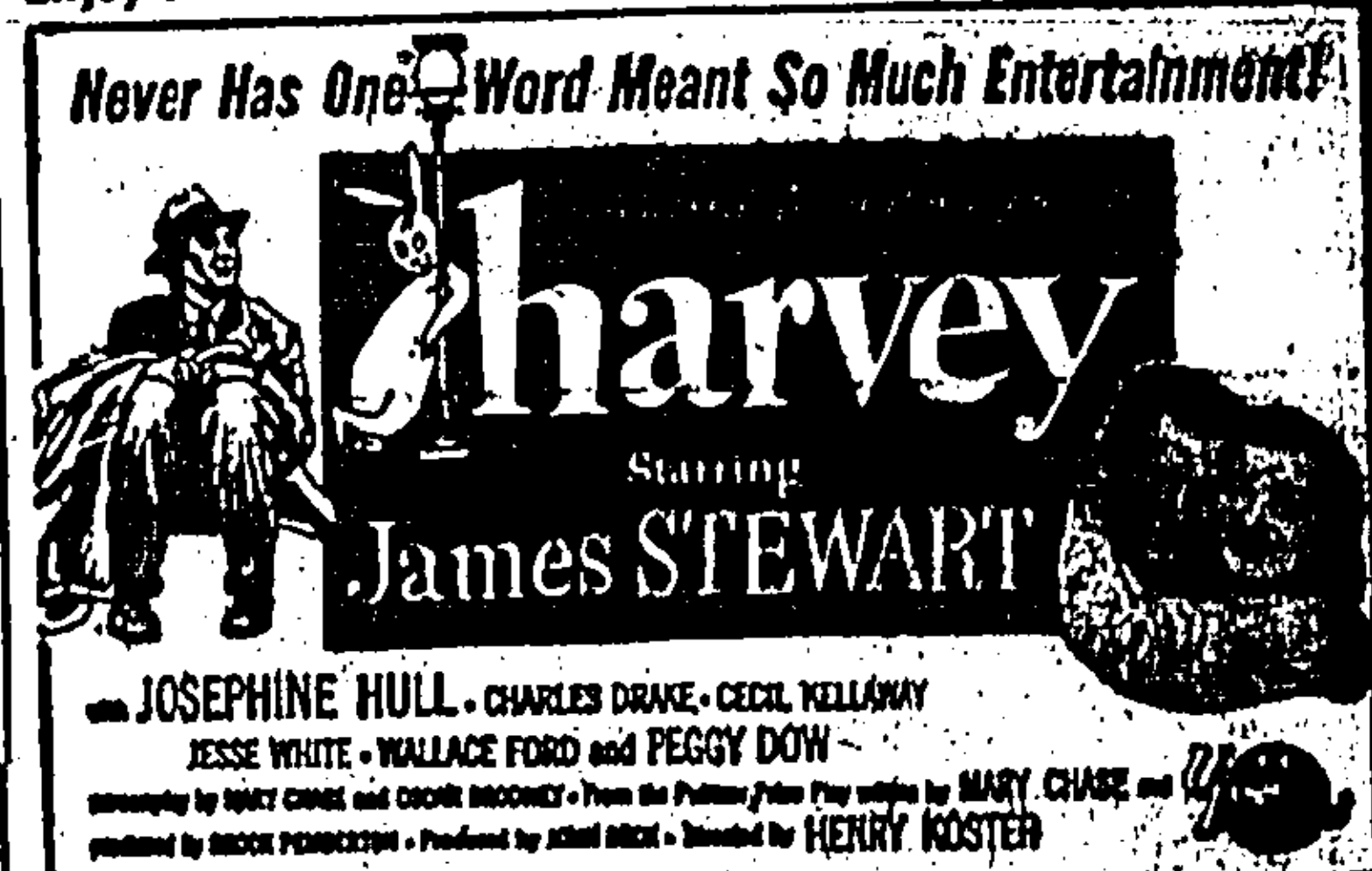
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## SCIENCE CHECKS WITH GENESIS

AFTER 35 centuries Joseph's warning to Pharaoh is re-echoing down the Valley of the Nile. Once again after years of great plenty the Egyptians fear a famine in their land.

To avert it they are planning a desert project identical with the astonishing scheme Joseph is believed to have devised to end the famine recorded in Genesis.

And, just as the Pharaoh Thothmes III. put his faith in the foreigner Joseph, the Egyptian Government has called in a famous English scientist, 65-year-old Sir Cyril Sankley Fox, to help it. Sir Cyril, freshly back from the desert, told me how he is using atomic energy to test the soundness of this revised version of Joseph's ancient scheme.

The great Biblical famine was caused by a succession of parching droughts, probably followed by exceptionally heavy Nile floods. These disasters devastated the rich delta farm lands. The Nile has not been in disastrous flood for 50 years. During that time vast new areas have been brought into intense cultivation.

Now the Egyptians are nervously wondering what would happen if the river came down in an uncontrollable flood, or if it fell too low to water their fields.

### Joseph's Canal

JOSEPH is believed to have solved both these problems by one brilliant engineering stroke. During his command a canal was "cleared" through a gorge linking the Nile with a vast desert basin called El Faiyum.

When the Nile roared down in summer spate the waters were diverted into the basin before they could overwhelm the delta farms. Later, when the delta was parched, floodgates were slowly opened to let the water flow back into the river.

This canal still exists. The old bed of the Nile which feeds it is known to this day as Bahr Yusuf—Joseph's River.

But El Faiyum no longer serves as a flood-controlling reservoir. Joseph's scheme fell into disuse during Cleopatra's reign. When the water dried up, the fertile silt which settled out of it made El Faiyum one of Egypt's richest and most heavily populated farming lands.

### No Leak

THE new plan is to use instead a nearby unexploited desert depression, called Wadi Rayan, by digging a 22-mile-long canal to link it with the Nile.

Some Egyptians fear that water might leak from the new reservoir and flood the El Faiyum farms. Fox's job during the last six months has been to find out whether the wadi is watertight.

First he contacted a team of eager young atom scientists.

Led by ruddy-faced, 31-year-old Kenneth Fearnside, these

experts quickly organised supplies of a radioactive chemical. Then they devised a sensitive detector that will pick up the atomic rays the chemical gives off.

Working in a sandstorm, Fox fed the chemical into the few springs flowing down the wadi's arid sides. Then he traced the water's underground course with the ray detector.

The wadi did not leak. Fox leaves for Egypt to submit his final report this month. It will almost certainly tell the authorities that the mid-20th-century version of Joseph's scheme for mastering the Nile should work.

London Express Service



THE CHAPMAN PINCHER COLUMN

## WOMAN OF THE WEEK . . . MRS. MORRISON

### Now she faces her biggest test, too

by EVELYN IRONS

SUPPER was ready in the semi-detached, red-brick villa in Archery Road, Eltham, at the usual time the other night. Then Mr Herbert Morrison rang up. He apologised to his wife, Margaret. He was afraid he would be a little late: certain formalities in connection with his elevation to the post of Foreign Secretary kept him in Whitehall.

That is the way of it in the Morrison home, and it always has been. No matter how busy he is, Mr Morrison never fails to let his wife know when he is likely to be late for meals.

They met in the 1914-18 war. It was all because Herbert Morrison, 41—a week past a time secretary to the London Labour Party, elected to declare himself a conscientious objector, although having lost his right eye in babyhood, he would not have been eligible for military service. His tribunal sent him to work on the land, and he took a job with a Mr J. J. Kidd, market gardener at Latchford.

Margaret Kent lived at Latchford. She was slim, pretty, fond of dancing. Her father, a railway clerk, was one of the pioneers of the garden city. She and Herbert Morrison fell in love. She taught him folk-dancing at the local Skittles Inn. In 1919 they were married.

They had one child—a daughter, Mary. She is married. Today, in her middle fifties, Mrs Margaret Morrison's bobbed hair is grey, but her figure is still so slender as to be the envy of other housewives as she steps out to do the morning shopping. She dresses well, but not in the extreme of fashion; often goes hatless, with a plain



Mrs. MORRISON, happiest at home

Archery Road, domesticated: a first-class needle-woman. She reads a lot, mostly serious modern or classical novels.

She enjoys foreign travel, but she likes her holidays quiet. Last year the Morrises went to Sweden, where Mrs Morrison enjoyed bathing and woodland walks. She likes the South of France, but not the casino life.

### HER FRIENDS

SHE is proud of her home. A cooking. Many years ago she joined the Electrical Association for Women and gave cookery demonstrations to other housewives. She still belongs to the association. Dame Caroline Haslett, its founder, is a friend of hers, and they are occasionally to be seen lunching together at a West End restaurant.

Probably her closest friend among Ministers' wives is Lady Cripps. Enemies she has none. All who meet her pay tribute to her friendly, unassuming charm, and her unaffected simplicity. She enjoys an occasional visit to the theatre, and is especially

## THE GOOD GERMAN SCHMIDT

• This month, for the first time since the war, Germany takes over control of her foreign affairs.

• TODAY the man who sat closest to Germany's Nazi rulers tells his story.



MAN IN THE KNOW: Schmidt, Hitler, Chamberlain at Godesberg, September 22, 1938—a week before Munich.

FOR HITLER'S INTERPRETER IT WAS JUST ONE LONG COCKTAIL-PARTY. BUT HE NEVER HAD TIME TO DRINK.

by H. R. Trevor-Roper  
Author of *The Last Days of Hitler*

ON September 8, 1939, when Sir Neville Henderson served the British ultimatum on Germany, it was not Ribbentrop who received it but the official interpreter, Dr Paul Schmidt (Ribbentrop intended this as an insult to Henderson); and again it was Dr Schmidt—who, at Nuremberg, described the dramatic effect of that ultimatum in the Chancellery.

Dr Schmidt's life was full of such incidents, but he was never taken aback. It was all in the day's work. An official of the German Foreign Office trained in the old school at Geneva, he had suddenly, in 1933, found himself taken on by a new master; and so he continued for twelve years, at conference after conference, translating not the traditional civilities of diplomacy, but the portentous tantrums of Hitler, the vulgar asinities of Ribbentrop.

How did he endure it? What did he observe? Dr Schmidt's book, "Hitler's Interpreter" (Heinemann, 15s.), answers at once both these questions. Dr Schmidt is a "good German." That is, he behaved as so many worthy German officials have always behaved unpolitically and correctly.

### DID JOB WELL

HE did his job well, gave satisfaction to his employer, to the end, kept his doubts to himself, and only publishes them now that it is safe, indeed, virtuous, to do so.

While the politics of Nazism mattered, he was neutral. Now that they are dead he steps discreetly out from his neutrality and from the memory of his privileged position describes them.

But can he reanimate these dead politics for us? Almost necessarily, no. The very quality of neutrality which enabled him formerly to tune down and translate those explosive utterances now, when the explosion is over, prevents him from re-awakening them.

It is not only that we have now heard them all before—that the documents themselves have long been published and commented on. It is not only that Hitler's conferences were all the same (for as Dr Schmidt says, Hitler never committed himself to anything but generalities). The very lack of political awareness, which made Dr Schmidt such a good interpreter, makes him now an uncomprehending historian. He has tried to make up for this defect by industriously reading up published memoirs.

What positive impression then is left by this faithful record of crowded revolutionary conferences? If it is not the work of a politician or a historian, whose is it?

### FRANCO . . . PETAIN

IT is the book of a social columnist whose field is not high society but political society, of a gossip writer who circulates from cocktail party to cocktail party, but who cannot drink because he must always be taking notes—notes which, in consequence, when written up, prove somewhat flat.

These, of course, are political cocktail parties, but the style is the same: "I had known Matsukoka since 1931." "It was the first time I had worked for Laval since 1931"—one recognises it at once.

As the crisis grows ever more acute the cocktail parties become more frequent; the columnist buzzes from capital to capital; he lives in a whirl of aeroplanes and special trains; he misses nothing; he is at Stenday, at Salzburg, at Montreux, at Rastenburg, meeting Lloyd George and Chamberlain, Molotov and Franco, Petain and Antonov, King Leopold and Prince Paul; but his report is always the same; private office jokes and office bets, arch-nicknames, second-hand small-talk, painfully trite generalities.

The Pope looks very spiritual and arouses emotions of otherworldliness; the English coronation is a fairly pageant; and reminds him of our unbroken traditions; Venice is "redolent of centuries of Mediterranean history"; Salzburg is "an architectural jewel"; Sir Neville Henderson is typically English, Mussolini typically Latin, etc.—the observations of an Ambassador's butler.

### CIANO SCORES

"WHAT the butler saw" in politics can sometimes be interesting. Ciano was such a butler, and his diaries are one of the great documents of our time. But Ciano had a sharp political sense, keen observation, a brilliant style.

Dr Schmidt has none of these things. When Hitler (and Dr Schmidt) visited Rome in May 1938, what a scene Ciano makes of it, with Hitler, scanning the Royal Palace by glancing his bedroom bell at 1.0 in the morning and calling for a woman, and the consequent uproar and explanations! But Dr Schmidt only notices that the public programme was "a rare combination of good taste and magnificence" and that the "considerate Italians" had even put baskets of fruit and bottles of grappa in the visitors' bedrooms.

And yet Messrs Heinemann, the publishers of Ciano, have preferred to leave half his diary untranslated and to translate "as a sort of German equivalent of Ciano's diary," the industrious, virtuous, "unpolitical" Dr Schmidt.

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The apostrophe adds a new terror to

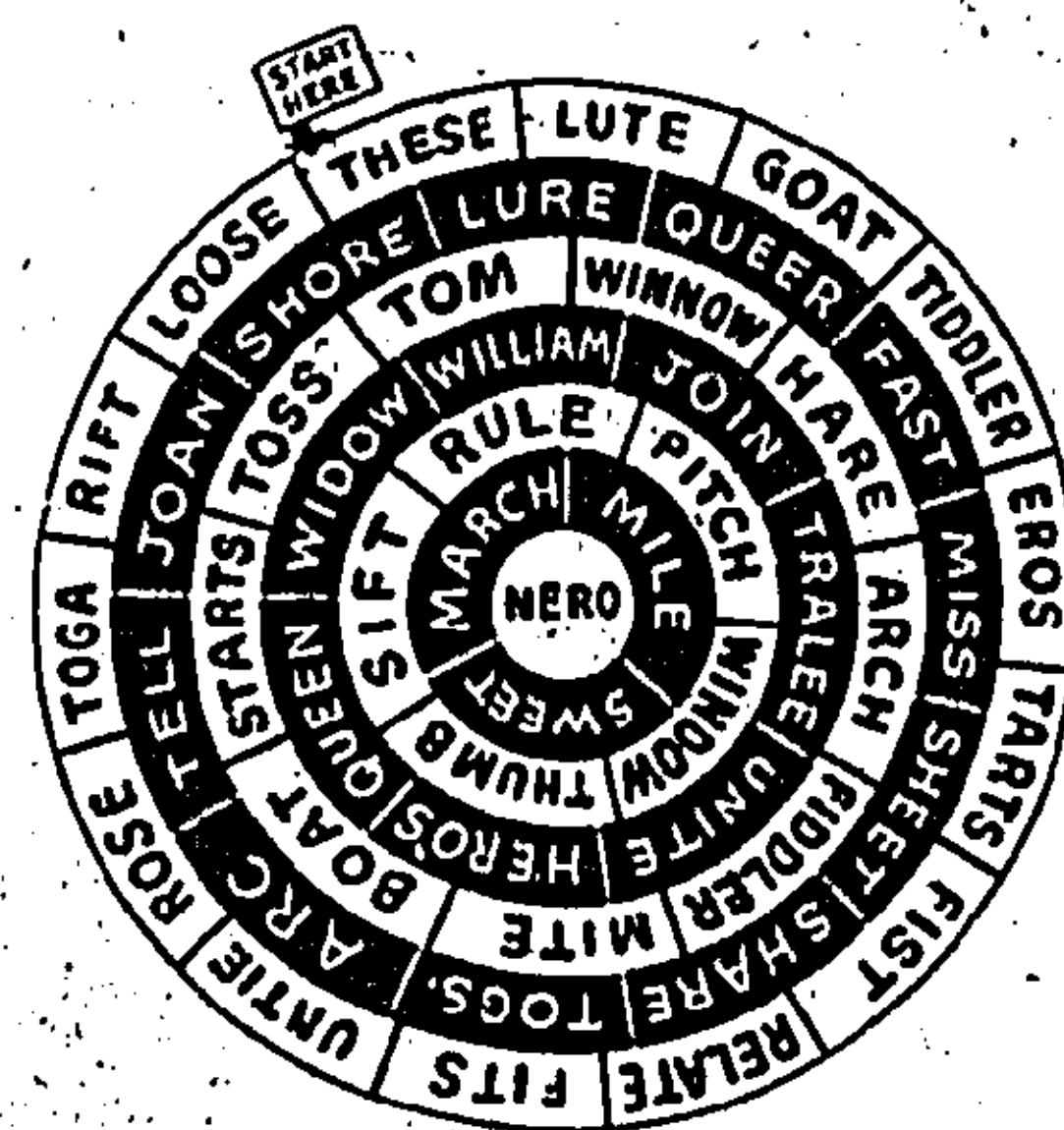
## DARTWORDS

FOR the benefit of newcomers the object of Dartwords—Page Six's Saturday Madding Puzzle—is to arrange the 50 words on the circle so that they lead from THESE to NERO in such a way that the relationship between any word and the word preceding it is governed by ONE of the following rules:

- 1 A WORD may be an anagram of the word that precedes it.
- 2 IT may be a synonym of the word that precedes it.
- 3 IT may be achieved by adding one letter to, subtracting one letter from, or changing one letter in the preceding word.
- 4 IT may be associated with the previous word in a saying, simile, metaphor, or association of ideas.
- 5 IT may form with the preceding word the name of a well-known person or place in fact or fiction.
- 6 IT may be associated with the preceding word in the title or action of a book, play, or other composition.

No rule may be used more than twice consecutively. A typical succession of words might be: Cupidity—Greed—Green—Corn—Born—Barn—Brun—Tub—Thumping.

(Solution on Page 18)



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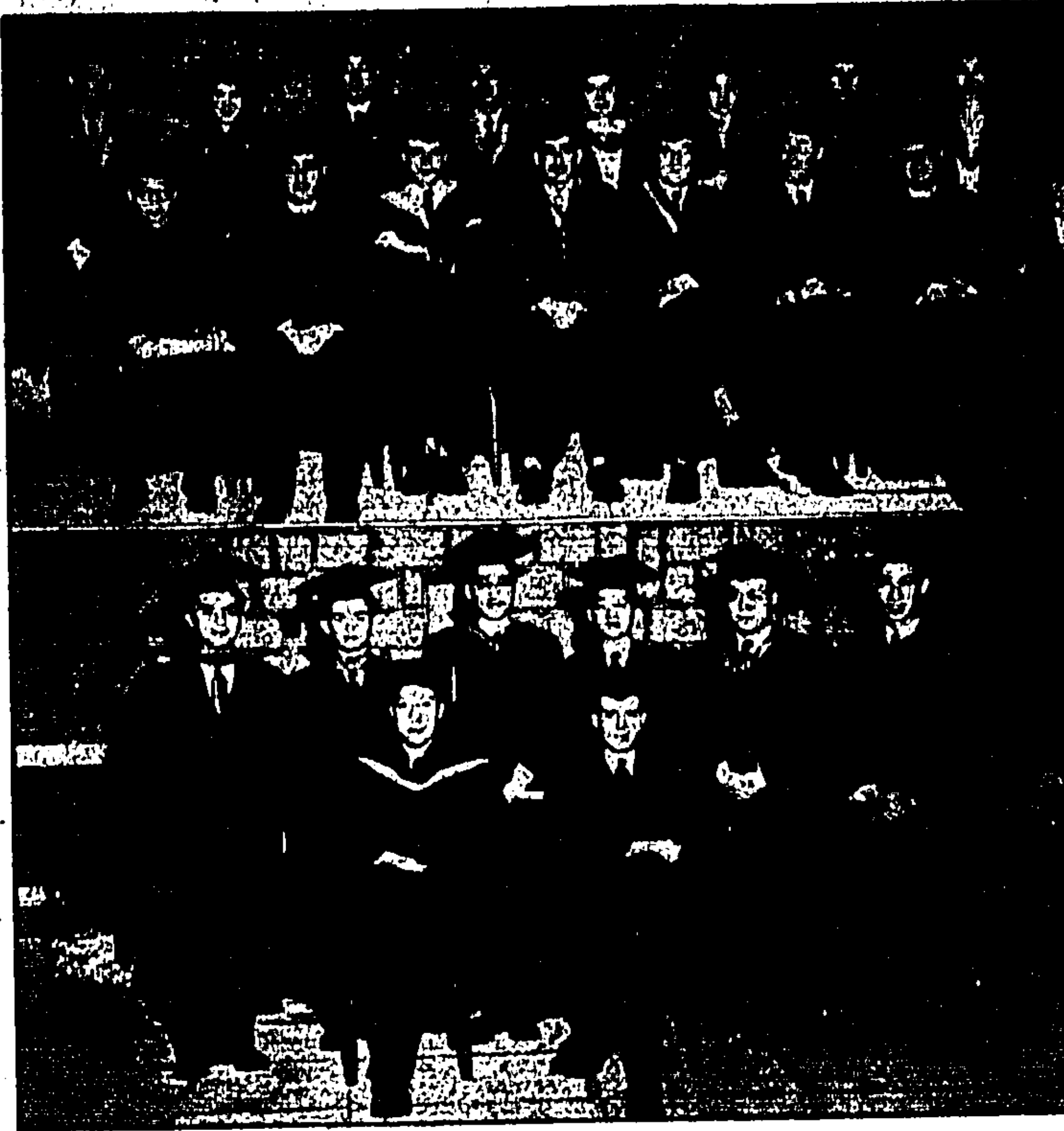
HONGKONG UNIVERSITY'S 40TH CONGREGATION



MR Malcolm Macdonald, Commissioner-General for Southeast Asia (centre), and the Hon. Sir Man-kam Lo (right) received honorary degrees and became the latest Doctors of Laws of Hongkong University. The Hon. Sir Shouson Chow is on the left. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Mrs. Hall, wife of the Bishop of Hongkong, presenting gifts of Bibles to graduates at a service held in the newly-restored Great Hall of the University last Sunday. (Staff Photographer)



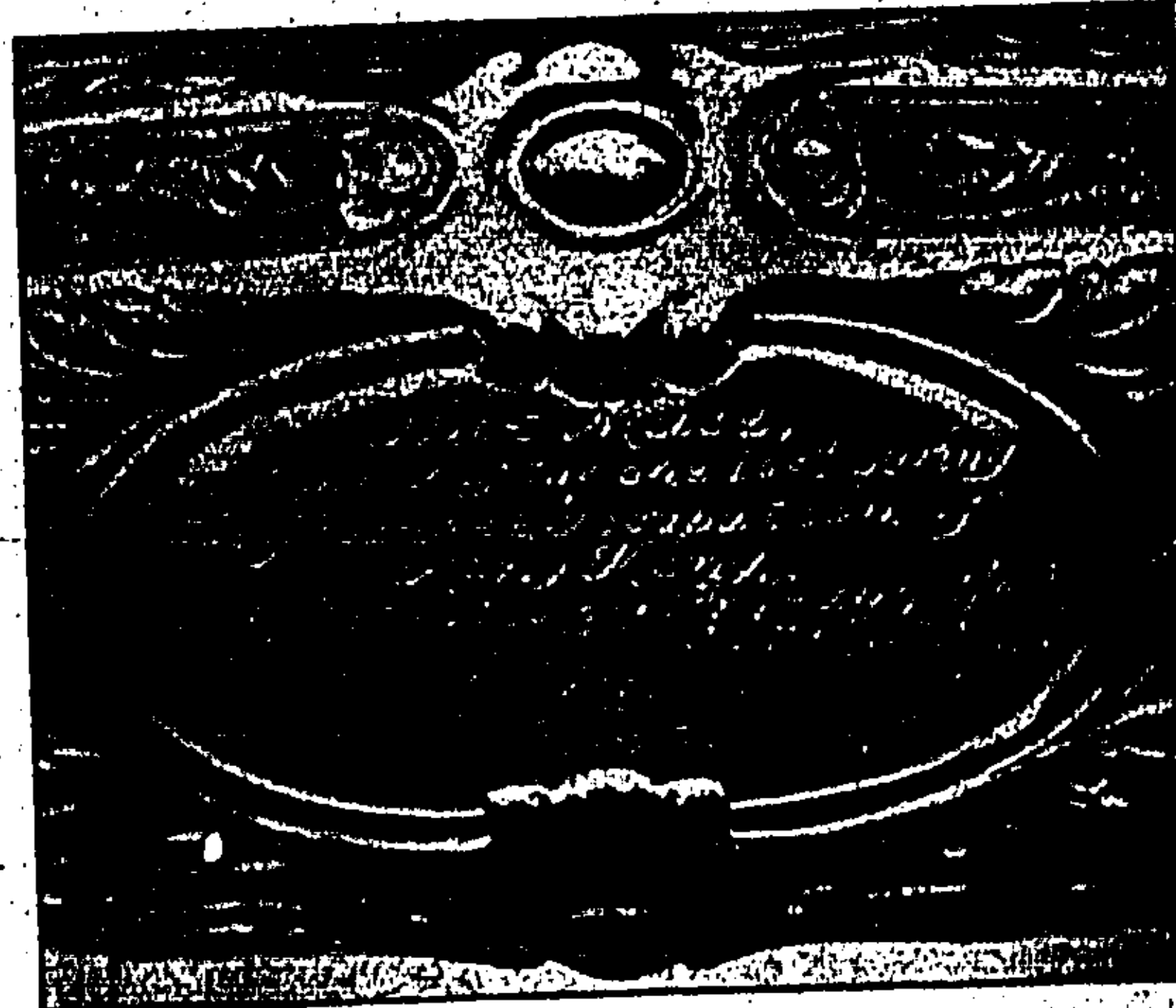
GROUP pictures showing Arts (top) and Medical graduates of the University on whom degrees were conferred by the Chancellor, His Excellency the Governor, at last week's Congregation. (Ming Yuen)



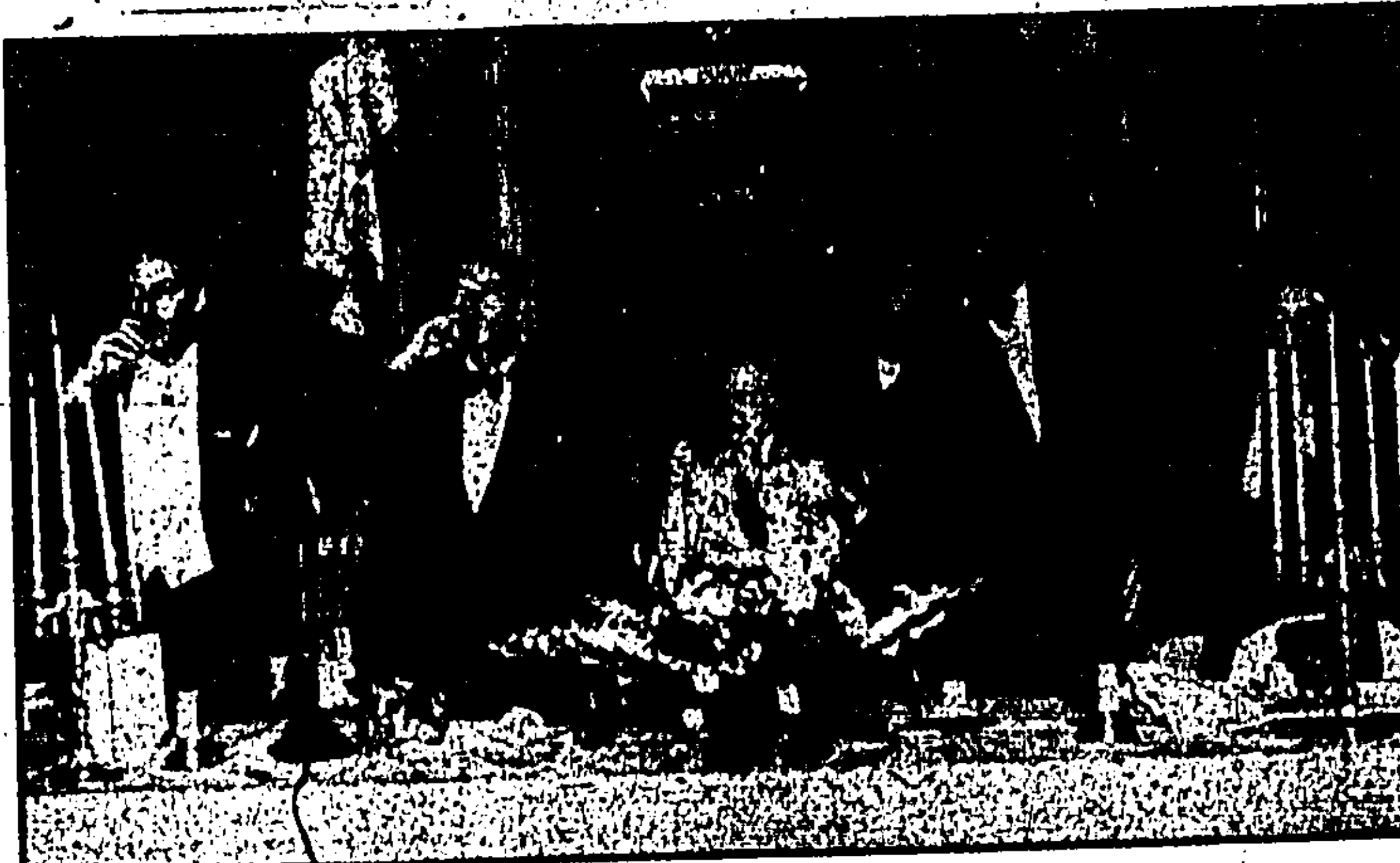
GRADUATES in Science — Mr Chin Ping-chuen and Mr Julian Bernard Sousa — with Professor J. E. Driver (centre), Dean of the Faculty. Right: Awarded the year's only degree of Bachelor of Science in Engineering — Mr Hannes Gerhart Amann. (Ming Yuen)



LEFT: The University's new Mace, a replica of the one lost during the Japanese occupation of the Colony. The Mace is the gift of Mr Leung Yow. Picture below shows the inscription. (Gaimborough)



SCENE in the Urban Council Chamber on Monday when the ballot for beach hut sites for the coming summer took place. Mr Kwok Chan is drawing a number from the drum, with Mr Dhun Ruttonjee watching on his left. At extreme right is Mr P. C. M. Sedgwick, Chairman of the Urban Council. (Staff Photographer)



HONOURING a toast at St Patrick's Day dinner last week at the Hongkong Hotel. From left: HE the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, the Hon. J. B. Griffin, President of St Patrick's Society, Lady Grantham and the Chief Justice, Sir Gerard Howe. (Staff Photographer)



FAMILY group taken outside the Holy Trinity Church last Sunday on the occasion of the christening of Ian Robert, son of Mr and Mrs G. F. Mutton. (Staff Photographer)



PROFESSOR Ahmed Ali (centre), newly appointed Charge D'Affaires of the Pakistan Embassy in Peking, was guest of honour at a tea party given by Hongkong's Pakistani community at the Hongkong Hotel last Sunday. On the left is Mr. Firdos Khan and on the right Mr. A. at Arcall. (Staff Photographer)

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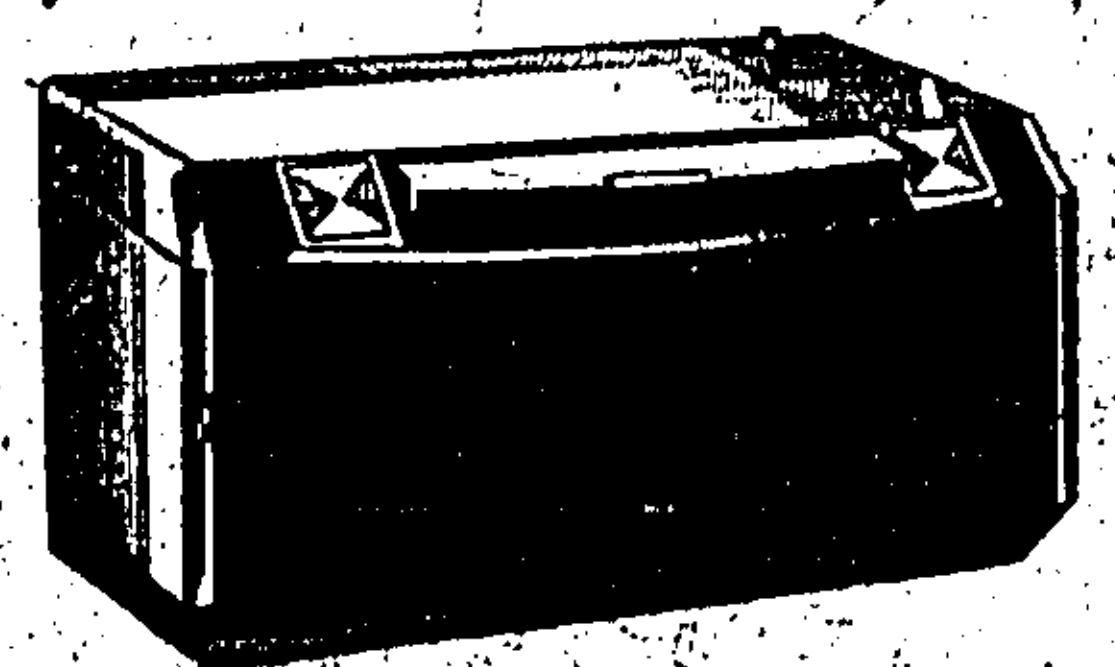
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## WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

DO YOU  
KNOW WHAT  
A  
"JERBY"  
IS?

THERE IS REALLY NO SECRET ABOUT IT: A "JERBY" IS TO ALL INTENTS AND PURPOSES A GOLF JACKET.

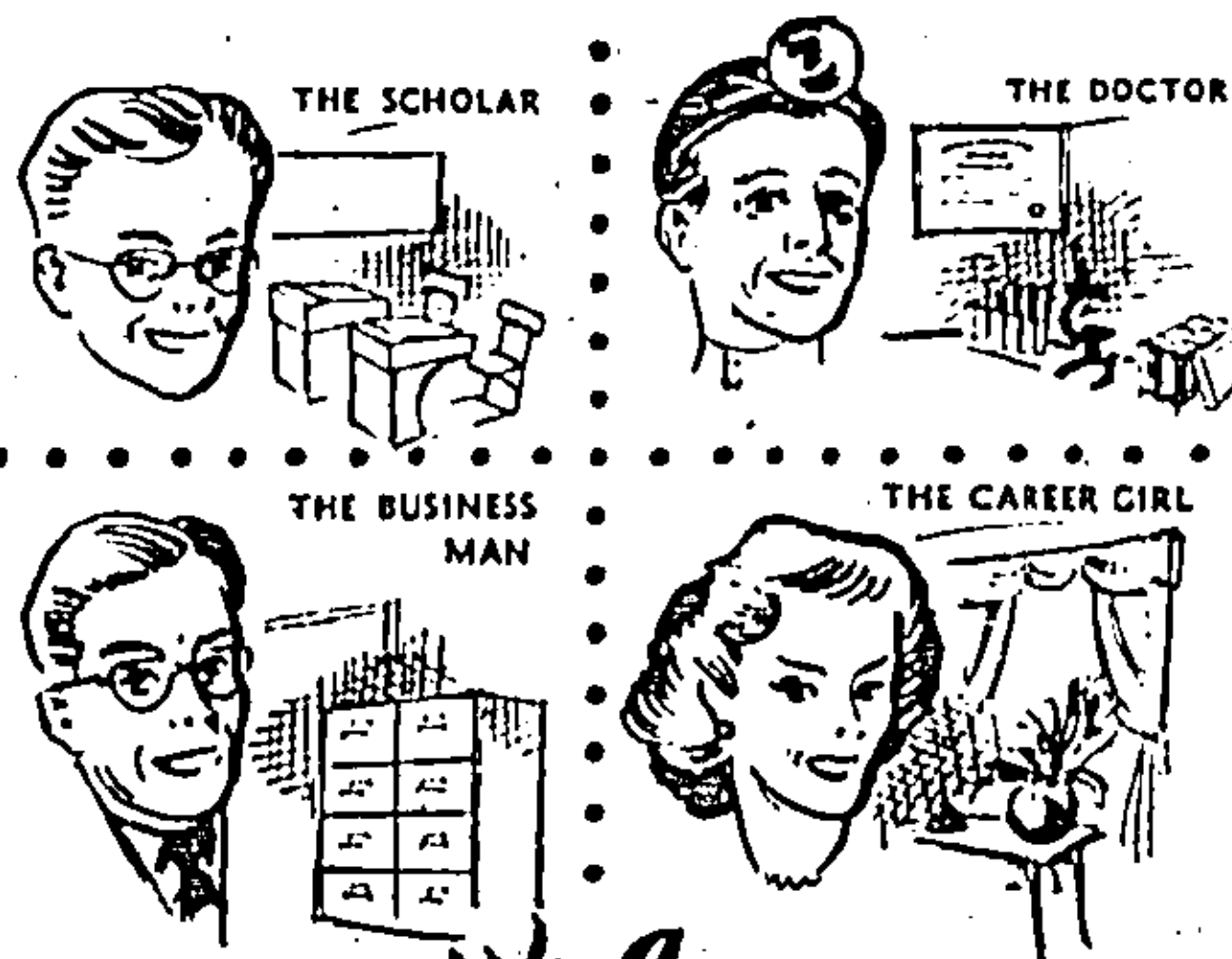
IT IS MADE FROM FABRIC WHICH IS SELF-SEALING AND IS SPECIALLY WOVEN TO PROTECT THE WEARER FROM THE ELEMENTS WHILST AT THE SAME TIME AVOIDING THE DISCOMFORT ASSOCIATED WITH ORDINARY PROOFED FABRICS.

Zipper fronts.  
Four zip pockets.  
Part elastic waist.  
Two-way cuffs.  
Natural colour.

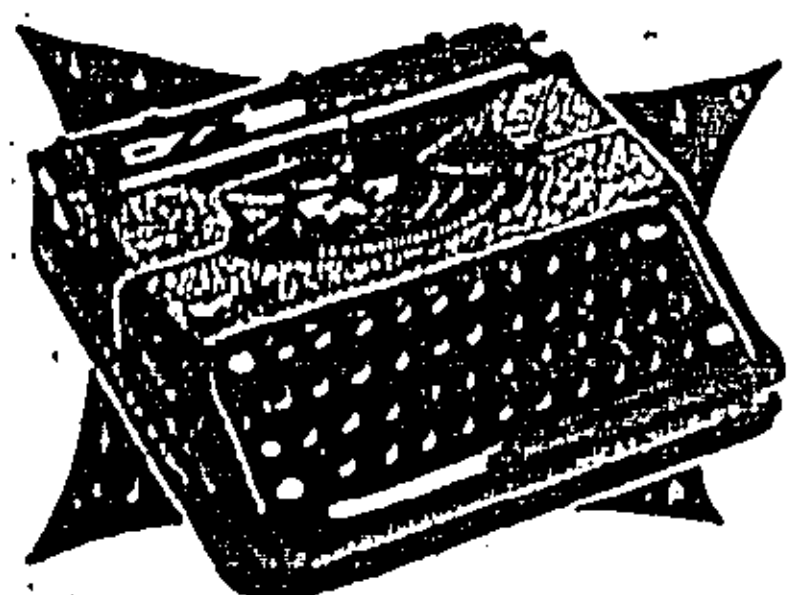
SEE THEM IN THE WINDOW AT

**MACKINTOSH'S**  
13 Chater Road

WE ALL  
do a better job...



with a



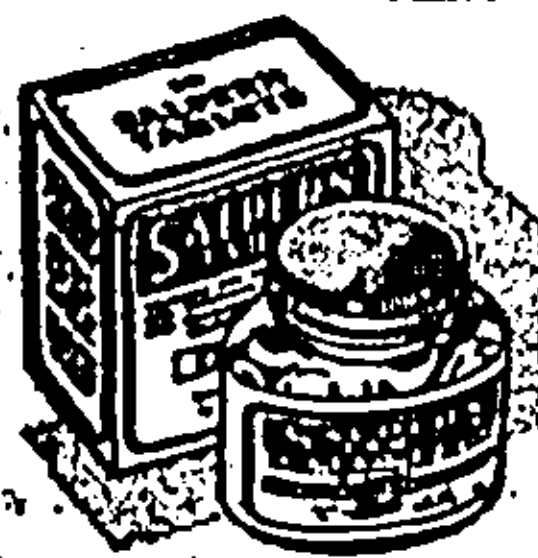
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## After The Stars

HOLLYWOOD.

★ **TWO** silk chiffon handkerchiefs are among the most versatile accessories in the wardrobe of Susan Hayward of 20th Century-Fox. The ingenious Miss Hayward uses these 'kerchiefs' to make a double scarf for suits, as decoration on the slim skirt of a black dinner dress, and as a turban for evening wear. The handkerchiefs are extra large squares, one in cyclamen, the other in turquoise. When one is placed over the other, the effect is a lovely changeable colour, and this is the way Susan uses them as an apron, gathered under the belt of an otherwise plain dinner gown. As an accent on a white linen suit, the ends of the handkerchiefs are knotted together, one is draped about the neck as a scarf, and the other left free to hang over the shoulder. Twisted into two separate rolls, the handkerchiefs are wrapped about the head like a turban and fastened with a diamond pin.

★ **VIOLET** and mauve tones—colours with a hint of Spring—are favourites with Irene Dunne in selecting her latest evening dresses. She purchased, for gala evenings, a gown with full skirt of grey tulle topped by a strapless bodice of mauve faille silk. A corsage of mauve flowers and medium long streamers of the faille is placed at the waistline, and there are very long matching gloves.

In the same mauve shade. With this dress, Irene wears amethyst and diamond pins in her hair.

★ **THE** French star, Micheline Presle, seen in the film, "American Guerrilla in the Philippines," is small and slim, and of course wears clothes with a Continental air. In street things, this inevitably calls for an outfit that is ensemble—complete from head to toe, and none of it meant to be worn with "other things". Such a costume is a brown and beige three-piece suit, or suit with short top-coat. The suit has rounded hip line, slim skirt, and deep lapels that show a brown cashmere sweater. The short flared topcoat is of brown and beige flecked wool, cut with deep sleeves full enough to slip easily over a suit. The brown felt cap worn with this ensemble is trimmed with nothing more than two gold-knobbed hat-pins. Brown lizard pumps, brown lizard handbags, clasped in gold, and hand-stitched natural pigskin gloves are well-chosen accessories.

★ **JOAN** Bennett, and the designer of her film wardrobe, Charles LeMaire, believe that the coat-dress will be a fashion favourite for Spring. This is one reason her wardrobe in "For Heaven's Sake," includes a costume of this type—a very lovely one of brown silk shantung, with a simulated blouse beneath of cocoa and white polka-dot silk, and deep cuffs of the same fabric on the wide, bracelet-length sleeves. At the neck, the polka-dot silk ties in a loose soft bow. This coat-dress has a distinctly nipped-in waistline, with slight fullness introduced in the skirt front by means of two unpressed pleats. It's worn with a brown felt bonnet-type hat, lined with a line of beige felt, brown shantung pumps dyed to match the dress, and beige doekskin gloves.

## A Basket Of Flowers



"Primavera" an elegant evening dress inspired by a basket of spring flowers. The lightly-moulded bodice is composed of straw coloured taffeta bands. All round the bust-line are tucked mixed coloured flowers giving a charming gay effect. The skirt is veiled by an overskirt of matching tulle on which a few flowers are casually scattered. It is a creation from Digby Morton's Spring Collection.

BEAUTY ROUTINE  
FOR HANDS

CLEANSING, lubricating and graceful movements, make up the beauty routine for the hands. Even idle hands will collect a certain amount of dust so that scrubbing with soap suds must, go on, and that means that the natural oil that keeps the skin surface soft, smooth and of fine texture is being continually removed.

Rubbing your hands together in the soapy water does not do a thorough job for the hard working housewife whose hands must do heavy work. A hand brush is necessary; and one with short firm bristles. The friction will contribute to skin loveliness by stimulating the blood streams and will also act favourably upon the health of the finger nails.

Keep your nails still while the brush is in motion. Less pressure is exerted than if you pass the brush over the bristles and the tender cuticle surrounding the nails will not be irritated. While your hands are in soapy water, pass a nail white pencil under the eaves. They'll come out snowy-white.

Every woman should be more or less hand-conscious, so she will not assume unlovely poses of the fingers. Hands are ever on display.

Fringing hands are the pet peeve of some women. They are due almost always to nervousness. The cure for excessive nervousness is found in physical and mental hygiene. The victim of this affliction should endeavour to have a well-organised life, to pay heed to diet so that she will get all the food elements that are necessary for well being, and to get plenty of sleep.



LEFT: Suit in a stone shade with close-fitting jacket sleeves and a pencil-slim skirt made of uncrushable linen, tailored with the fineness of superfine wool.

CENTRE: The season's newest colour combination—the coat in crushed strawberry envelopes the two-piece beach ensemble in pewter grey.

RIGHT: Resort ensemble—dress and stole, anemone-patterned, black, white and yellow on a brown ground worn with a casual coat in yellow linen.

## FABRIC OF THE SEASON

by Dorothy Barkley

LONDON.  
THIS is the time of the year when the French Riviera or Madeira become something more than names on the map or datelines in our newspapers. Added and abetted by advertisements in the popular press, in magazines, on hoardings, these places take on new fascination, new glamour. Almost before he realises it, the hardworking citizen is wending his way towards the nearest travel agency, planning that great event—the annual holiday.

But whether John Citizen's fancy is for the fashionable Continental resort or for coastal attraction nearer home, his wife has no desire to go to Sunny Sorrento, or wherever is chosen, without suitable and practical clothes. Holiday wear, whether formal or informal, is as important to her in every respect as the clothes worn all-the-year-round.

Her cry for elegance, colour, and style in resort and beachwear is answered this year by the designers—with more subtle appeal than ever.

## The Answer

A designer who excels in this direction is undoubtedly Frederick Starke. Not that he expects the resort of your own particular choice to be transformed into a miniature Champs Elysees or Fifth Avenue; he merely stipulates that elegance and style have just as much right to appear there as anywhere else.

And he does not overdo it. His crisply tailored suits, his full coats, his casual dresses with their tank-style tops, are all

infinitely suitable, infinitely practical—and his occasional extravaganza was greeted at his recent summer show with exclamations of delighted approval.

The material of the season is linen: there is no doubt about it. 100 percent pure Irish linen, cool, smooth and uncrushable. We saw it immaculately tailored on formal suits, generously cut on large, enveloping coats, and, by way of contrast, given a purely casual air on a casual coat.

## New Shades

The new colours are a joy. Frederick Starke introduced two new shades—as proudly as a conjurer produces the traditional rabbit from the top hat. And justifiably, too. His "sailcloth red"—a delightful crushed strawberry pink—and his "pewter grey"—softest and most becoming of the new greys seen this season—are an excellent complement to one another.

The two most important designs for day wear are the linen coat and the linen suit. The coolie coat—Paris calls it the "kimono d'été"—has come to stay. To show the very pleasing effect, Frederick Starke paraded his four models at the same time, each wearing a slight variation. All coats were full and circular, the slight variation being in the sleeves which were either long and finished with outside cuffs, or short, ending just above the elbow.

Coat sleeves provided an interesting detail at other shows notably at Spectator Sports, who showed a black grosgrain coat cut on similar lines. The sleeves were long and close-fitting but

were wrinkled back for effect to three-quarter length.

The value of this style of coat is that it will come through with flying colours even the most crowded of days, and is suitable for any event from coffee in the morning to theatre in the evening. To crown it, inevitably, there is the pancake hat, often amusingly decorated with one solitary button the size of a saucer.

Impeccable tailoring is the trademark of Frederick Starke's suits. Colours for these were navy, stone and snuff—as well as his pewter grey and sailcloth red. Jackets are crisply cut, often cut away at the front; sleeves can be either long or three-quarter length and cuffed. The skirts were pencil-slim, although occasionally he places fullness in the front—as on the suit shown here.

The most practical style of all is one that is easily adaptable. The ensemble is built up from a basic sheath dress, to which bits and pieces, are added to suit the whim of the wearer and the time of day. It is tubular in shape, with a tunic-style top—excellent for sun-bathing.

## More Like Silk

The model illustrated here is in anemone-patterned cotton—black, white and yellow on a brown ground. To go with it there is an enormous stole with fringed ends, and a casual coat in primrose yellow linen. Cotton, incidentally, becomes less and less like the traditional conception of the material and more and more like silk.

And this same basic style has been introduced for formal wear, under the name "tailleur-cum-cocktail two-piece."

## Extravaganza

The occasional extravaganza? Not to be forgotten are the large stoles, like the one shown here, and the one tied in the form of a bow—dramatic and dramatic in black on a white, seven-eighths length coat, and the beach bag with handles like those on umbrellas.

But the crowning glory was the way Frederick Starke solved the problem of the beach bag. He had placed one at the end of a long stole—large enough to hold all the accessories and electrics always needed for an hour on the beach.

DIGNIFIED  
GRACE

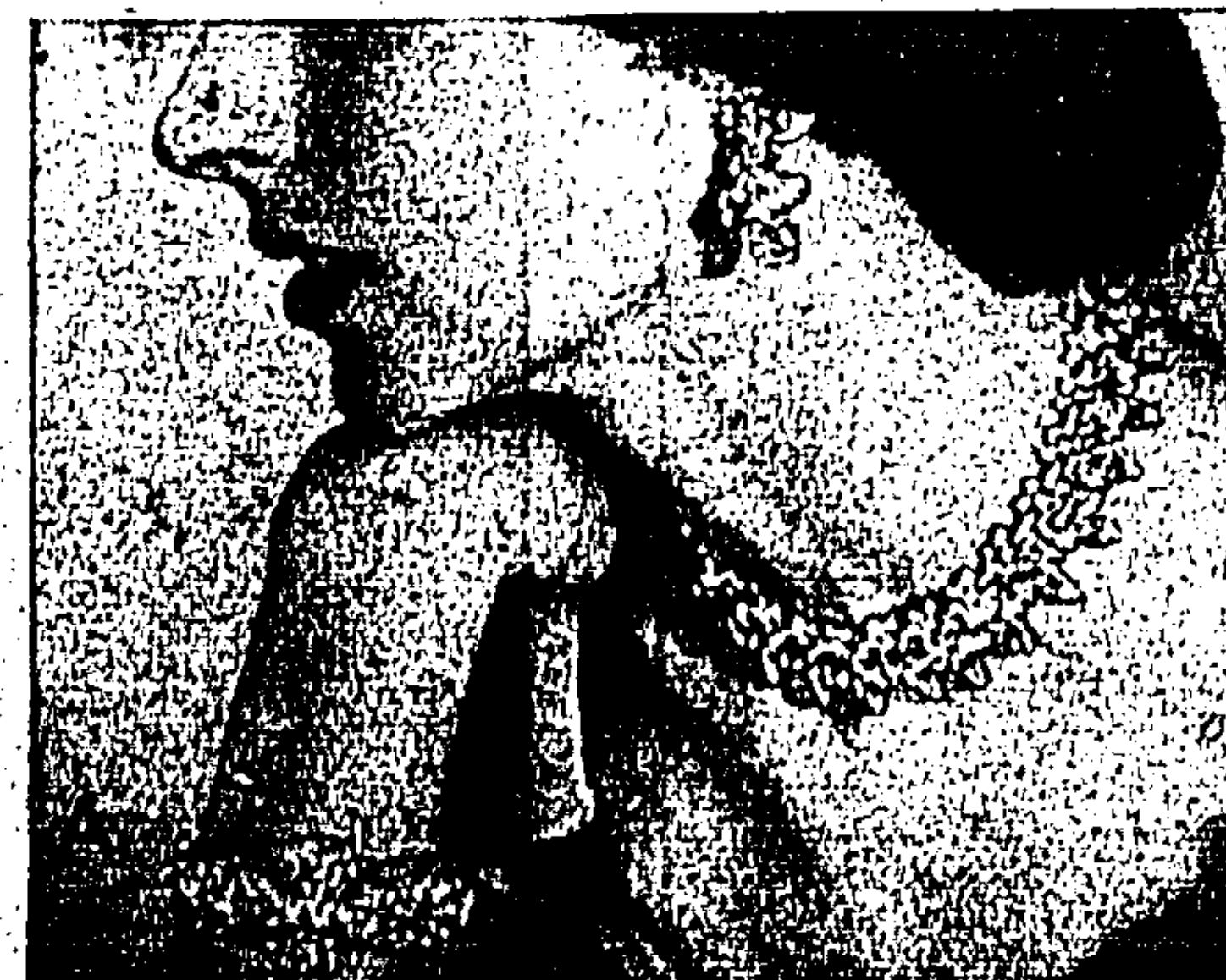
Black and brown combination.

By VERA WINSTON

THIS is a season for the womanly dress, the frock of gracious charm and dignity, with not a hint of the dail or commonplace. Such a model is commonplace. It is fashioned of one of the new double-faced fabrics, a soft rayon taffeta, black on one side, and medium brown on the other, a very good colour scheme. One side of the draped collar is brown, terminating in a turned-back fold on the other—wise slim skirt. The cuffs are brown. The skirt is slightly draped up to the white-trimmed belt. There is one pocket on the hip.

Glitter,  
Glitter

GLITTER, beautifully handled, opulent without being overdone, is the theme of fine rhinestone jewellery. Those sparkling stones are a girl's best friend when she wants to look lavish and festive without having to spend a mint. Tiffani helps along the festive look and season with a rhinestone collar that is delicately designed and set. With it may be worn an exciting cuff bracelet and a pair of shimmering pagoda earrings of matched glitter.

PLUNGE-NECKLINES AFFECT  
HOTEL BUSINESS

Manager of New York's skyscraper Hotel Edison, Irwin Kramer, had a theory that if the waitresses wore ultra-plunging necklines, more male customers would patronise his hotel.

The theory was a howling success, but after 30 days, Kramer had to unplug the necklines again.

When a married male diner asked a waitress to "stop" his

uniform and started to chew his table napkin instead of his lunch, Kramer knew his experiment was doomed.

"I thought the guy's wife was going to hit him with the mustard pot," he said. "I guess it's the ladies who make policy in a hotel dining-room."

The waitresses are heartbroken by Kramer's decision to abandon his scheme because

their plunging necklines boosted tips 20 percent.

During the experiment, the sale of chip potatoes dropped by 50 percent, while salad sales rose 38 percent.

Kramer's theory: Seeing a pretty girl in a provocative costume reminded some men to go easy on the starches. Sale of lamb chops rose 25 percent, orders for second cups of coffee 400 percent and men spent up to 15 minutes longer at their lunches.



## PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

## LITTLE HOUSE-MUCH COMFORT

By JOAN O'SULLIVAN

SEEING'S not always believing.

Take today's house, for example. It gives the impression of great width, a feature that's typical of today's trend toward ranch homes, but it's really a small compact home designed for maximum convenience at low cost.

The exterior is frame with brick trim used under the living room picture window. The frame construction attractively combines a shingled effect to the left of the entrance with a vertical siding used to the right.



Inside, a large living room opens off the cozy vestibule. The big natural fireplace, which is the first thing you see when you enter the room, is ideal for those cold, winter evenings. Big picture windows at either end of the room provide an attractive view.

Off the living room is a modern kitchen with a corner set aside for dinette furniture. Both bedrooms are to the left of the vestibule, convenient to the bath. The front bedroom is large enough to accommodate twin beds. It has three windows that look out on the front grounds, as well as a side window, which provides cross ventilation.

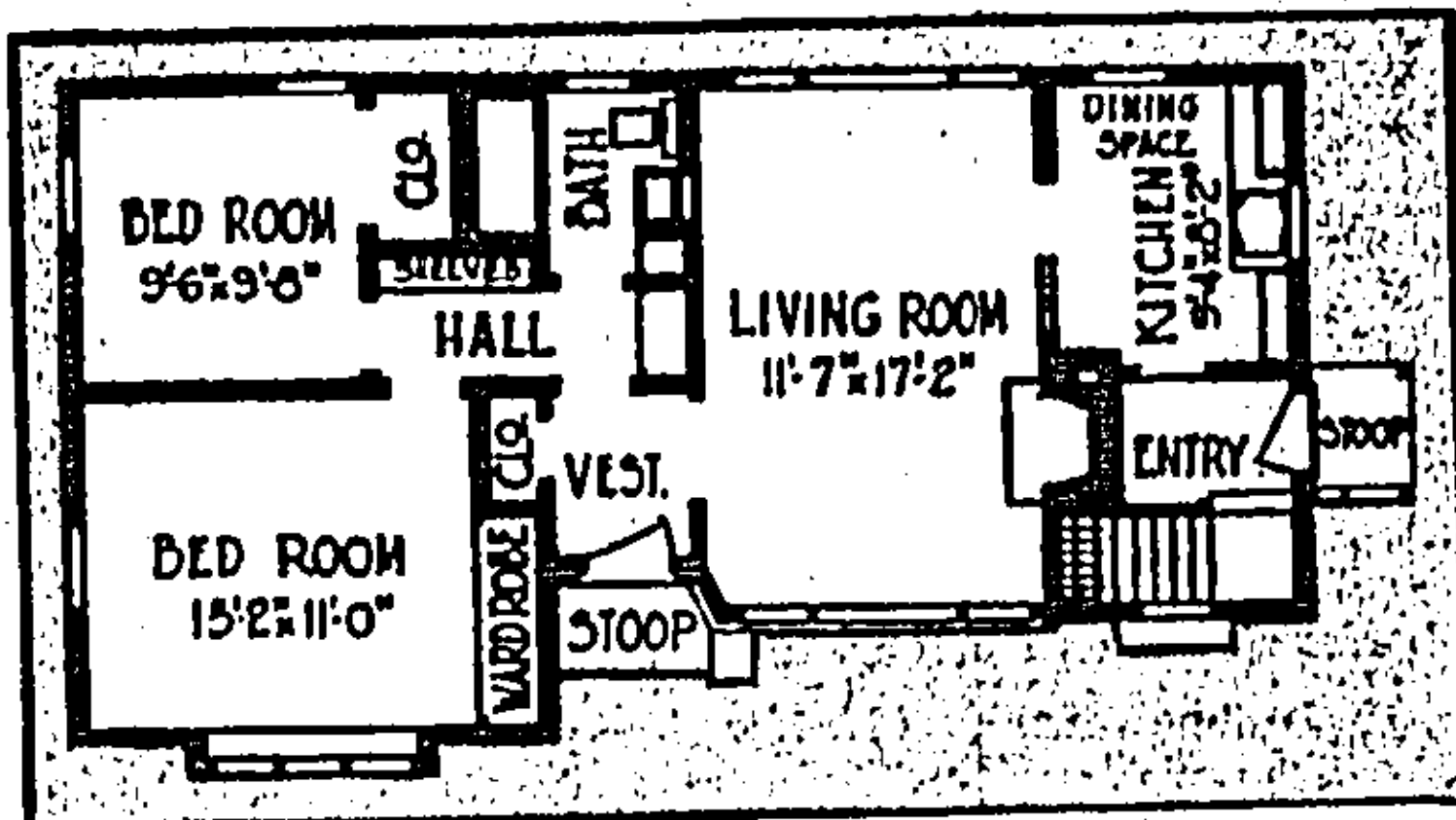
There's closet space aplenty in this house, and the bedroom hallway features wall shelves, which might be used for books and records.

Built with a basement, the house comprises 15,012 cubic feet; without a basement, 9,823 cubic feet.

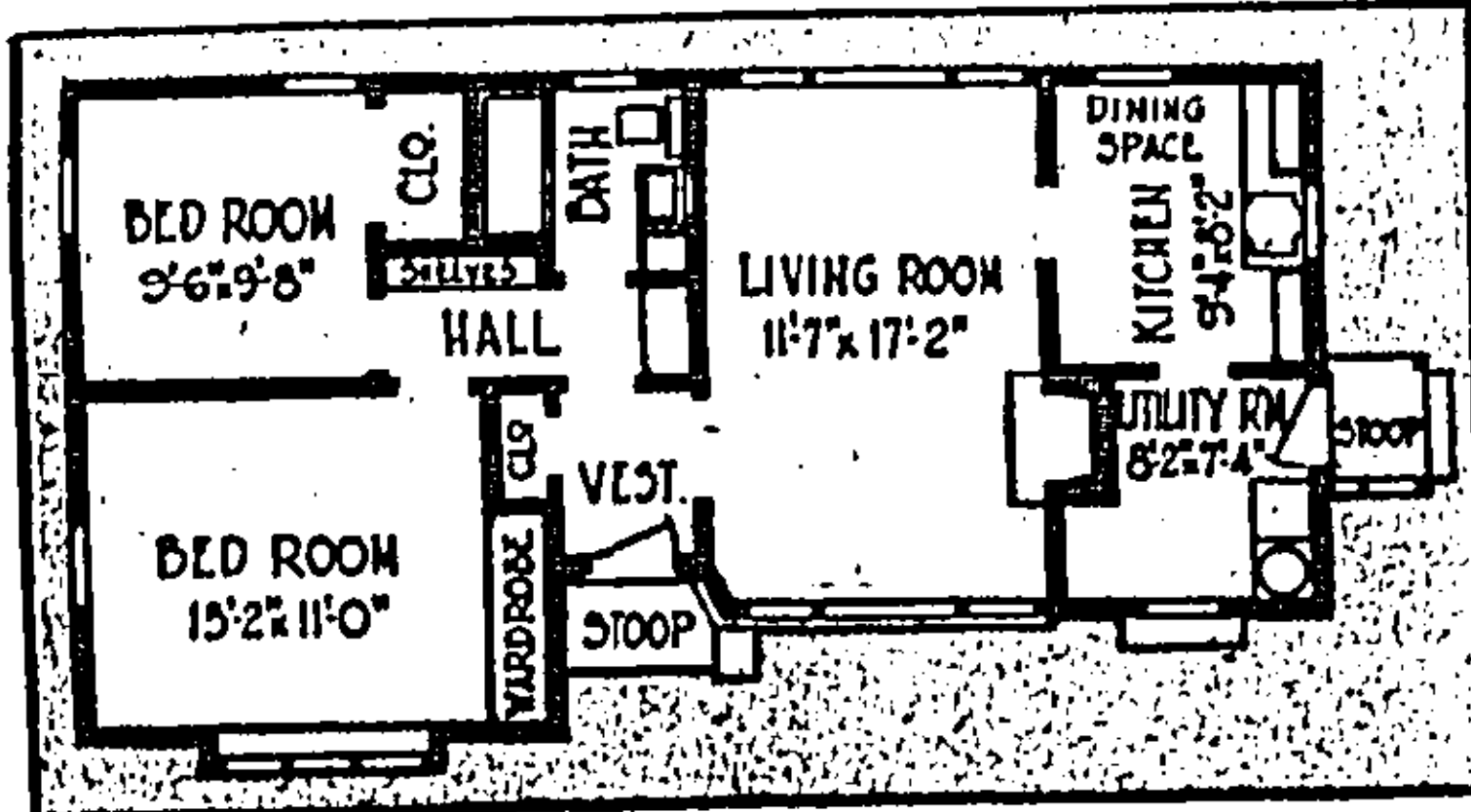
To arrive at a general estimate of the construction cost of this house, ascertain construction costs per cubic foot in your locality, then multiply this by the number of cubic feet given here. The result should be within 10 percent either way of the cost.



HERE'S A HOUSE that looks bigger than it really is. It gives the impression of great width but it's really a small, compact building. Brick trim is used effectively under the living room window, which provides a pretty picture view.



WHEN THE HOUSE is built with a basement, there's a little storage room next to the kitchen and the side door, as the plan shows.



WITHOUT A BASEMENT, plans call for a utility room near the kitchen, which is modern and features a corner space for dining.

## LOOK FOR THESE NINE SIGNS IN MENTAL HEALTH

A PERSON has good mental health when his emotions are his allies and not his enemies. Look for these signs:

1. When he has a minimum of jealousies, angers, worries, fears and anxieties, and is a master of his own emotions.
2. He enjoys ample relaxation and is a hopeful and cheerful person.
3. He is not self-centred. He gets strong satisfaction from observing and applauding the worthy virtues and achievements and successes of other persons.
4. He feels secure and wanted in his family and among others of his own group anywhere, most of the time at least.
5. He is able to say effectively and comfortably what he wants to say.
6. He enjoys achieving up to his capacities, and wastes no efforts. He works hard when he works and plays hard when he plays.
7. He does not brag when he wins or sulks when he loses. He does not pity himself or run away from difficulties.
8. He faces courageously the consequences of his own acts.
9. He is easy to live with at home and likable away from home. He is a happy person and useful citizen.

Mental health is established chiefly in the family which at its best is the haven of security from the storms and stresses of the outside world. Even after a person grows up and leaves home, or after all the other members of his family have scattered about or died, his earlier family memories and emotional residue still linger in his head and heart.

Dallas Pratt, M. D., and Jack Neher have written a pamphlet entitled "Mental Health is a Family Affair" recently published by the Public Affairs Committee, of New York City.

This pamphlet on mental health does not tell you how to "analyse" yourself, your friends or family or where to go for psychiatric advice. It does tell in very simple language what cause many personality problems in families, how some new ideas in the community are helping families prevent these problems and how this can help you, your children and other loved ones to enjoy mental health.

## Styles In House Plants Change

New York. Home decoration has reached the point where even a house plant must fit into the general decorating scheme of things.

So says Louis Politi head gardener for the New York Botanical Gardens, who claims the fashionable homemaker these days wouldn't dare cultivate a cactus in a room where the furnishings were stark modern.

Politi explained that a cactus is meant for informal room settings, such as you will see in the ranch-type house. On the other hand, the well-decorated formal room will have such greenery as a Norfolk Island pine or a new tropical plant called the peperomia. The peperomia is a stiff-stemmed plant whose needle-like branches jut out from the stem at about a 50-degree angle. The peperomia also is long and stiff-stemmed but its leaves are broad, coloured an oily-green on top, and bright red underneath.

### Styles Change

"Styles in house plants change, too," Politi said. "The era of the Indian rubber plant and pink Pandanus is over. Homemakers now prefer such greenery as the philodendron, the dumb cane, English ivy and the several varieties of cactus."

The botanist said women also like the "bromeliad" group, those plants which feed on air, and other "aroids," in addition to philodendron. The "aroids" all have broad, shiny leaves and Politi said all of them make good house plants.

As for care of house plants, Politi said the biggest mistake of any homemaker is in overwatering. "At the botanical gardens, every time we get a new man he goes around with garden hose, killing off plants and not knowing any better," Politi complained. "Some housewives are just as guilty."—United Press.



Pretty Blouse With Removable Tab Collar and Cuffs



On opposite selvage edge chalk a line  $1\frac{1}{4}$ " in, straight across from M to N for centre front. Lay selvage edges of back along centre front line.

Cut out front same as back except facing and neckline. Remove back.

O is  $\frac{1}{4}$ " neck plus  $\frac{1}{2}$ " to left of N; P the same below N. Draw neck curve P to O.

Cut neckline, cutting facing to match curve as shown. Mark depth of front neck opening Q.

Seam centre front line, stitching from Q down. Seam centre back. Press seams open.

### Front Facings

Turn front facings to right side. Stitch across facings at neckline. Clip corners and curves. Turn facing to wrong side. Press.

Stitch shoulder and underarm seams, leaving left underarm seam open for about 7" for placket. Face neckline and bottom of sleeves.

Pin waistline fullness in pleats or darts. Put on blouse and check fit. Remove. Stitch pleats or darts.

Use zipper or snap fasteners for side closing. Hem bottom edge of blouse. Press.

From fabric strip for cuffs and tab collar, cut two 4" crosswise pieces for tabs. Cut two cuffs same measurement as bottom of sleeves plus 2" or 3".

Fold tab pieces in half lengthwise, right sides together. Stitch side and one end as at R.

Measure length of shoulder plus  $\frac{1}{4}$ " sleeve length plus 1". Chalk a line this length straight in from C for E, then a straight line from E to left edge of fabric.

A Broken Line

F and G are  $\frac{1}{4}$ " bust plus  $1\frac{1}{4}$ " from C and B. H is  $\frac{1}{4}$ " bust from D. Chalk a broken line from D to H.

I is  $\frac{1}{4}$ " neck plus  $\frac{1}{2}$ " above A. J is  $\frac{1}{4}$ " to right of A. K is  $\frac{1}{2}$ " armhole plus 1" to left of F.

Chalk back neck curve J-I. Chalk a straight line from I through K to L; L-E; and F-H; and H-G. Curve underarm at F as indicated. If bottom of sleeves is too wide, taper underarm of sleeve from F to E as indicated by broken line.

Cut out back on lines J-I; L-E; L-E; E around F through H to G. Mark waistline pleats or darts as indicated.

Position and Length

Check position and length of tabs. Cut off excess. Turn ends in and sew them together. Tack to inside of neckline. Tack cuffs to position.

Tabs and cuffs can be changed if buttonholes are made in both and link buttons used at neck and in sleeves.

If button ends and buttonholes are used, tack in place at neck, stay cuffs together, and sew buttons on for decoration only.

## Do you keep papers under a cushion?

CHIPPY solves this family problem



WHERE do you keep the newspapers and magazines which collect in the home? On the top of the radio? Underneath the cushions?

It is easy to solve the problem with a simple rack which fits into a recess, or (supported by an angle bracket) into any corner.

STEP 1: Measure the width of the recess and cut the two triangular and pieces from wood one inch thick and drill holes for the large fixing screws.

The exact measurements will depend on the thickness of the wood you use for the two sloping shelves; they need not be more than  $\frac{1}{2}$ " - inch thick.

Make the top angle of these wooden triangles (which determine the slope of your shelves) as wide as the depth of your recess allows. There will be no danger then of the newspapers and magazines falling off.

STEP 2: Cut the timber for the sloping shelves and the ledges which are to be screwed along their bottom edges. The shelves can be made up from two planks and held at the back by small cross battens half-way along their length. The triangular supports will act as end battens.

The ledges should stick out at least  $1\frac{1}{4}$ " inches so their overall width will depend on the thickness of the shelf timber.

FIRST FIT-UP

THE END VIEW

STEP 3: Complete the "first assembly" as shown in the diagram above. Do not screw on the front shelf at this stage or you will have difficulty in fixing on the wall.

STEP 4: Hold the front shelf in the wall (allowing 1 in. gap along the back for dusting and cleaning), and mark through the holes in the end brackets with a nail. Remove the shims and fit plugs in the wall on these marks.

STEP 5: Screw in place and fit in the front shelf.

(London Express Service)

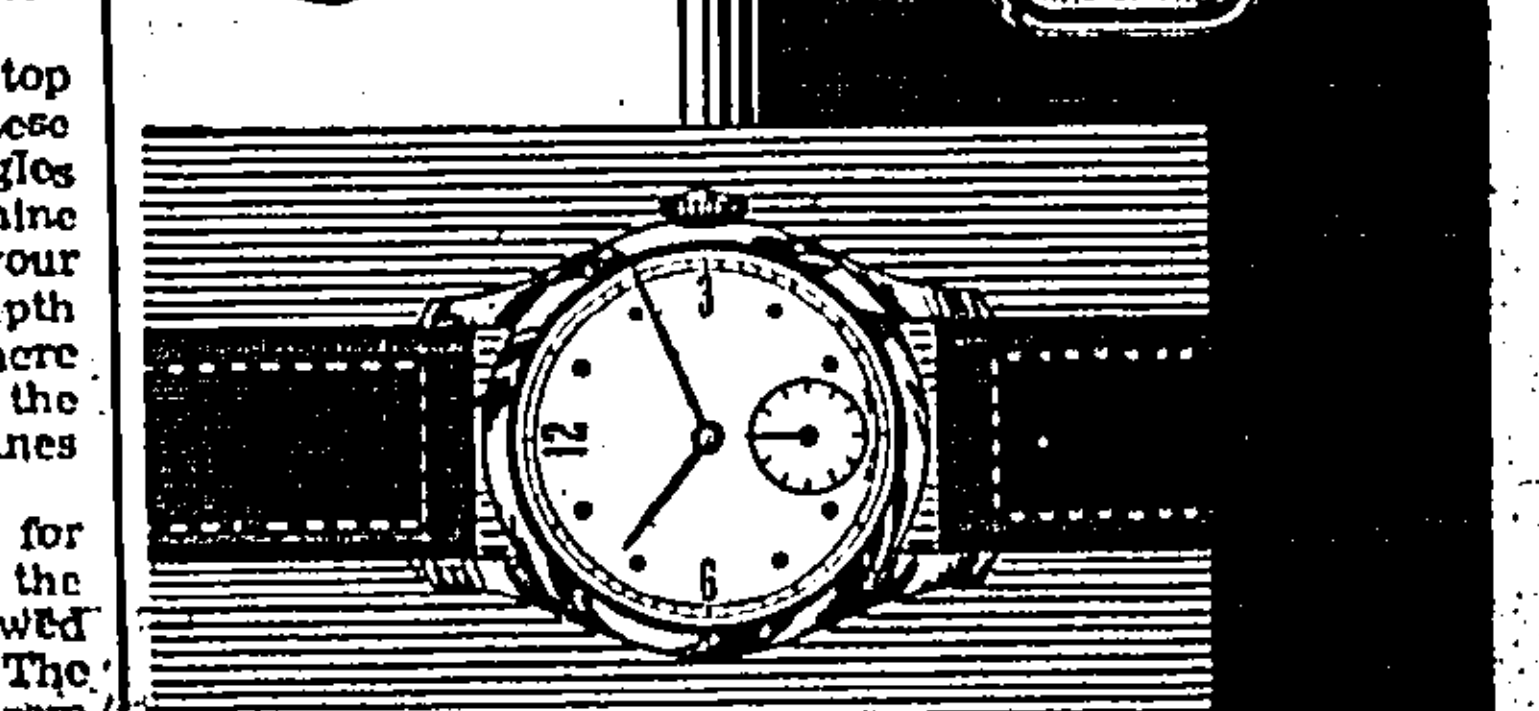
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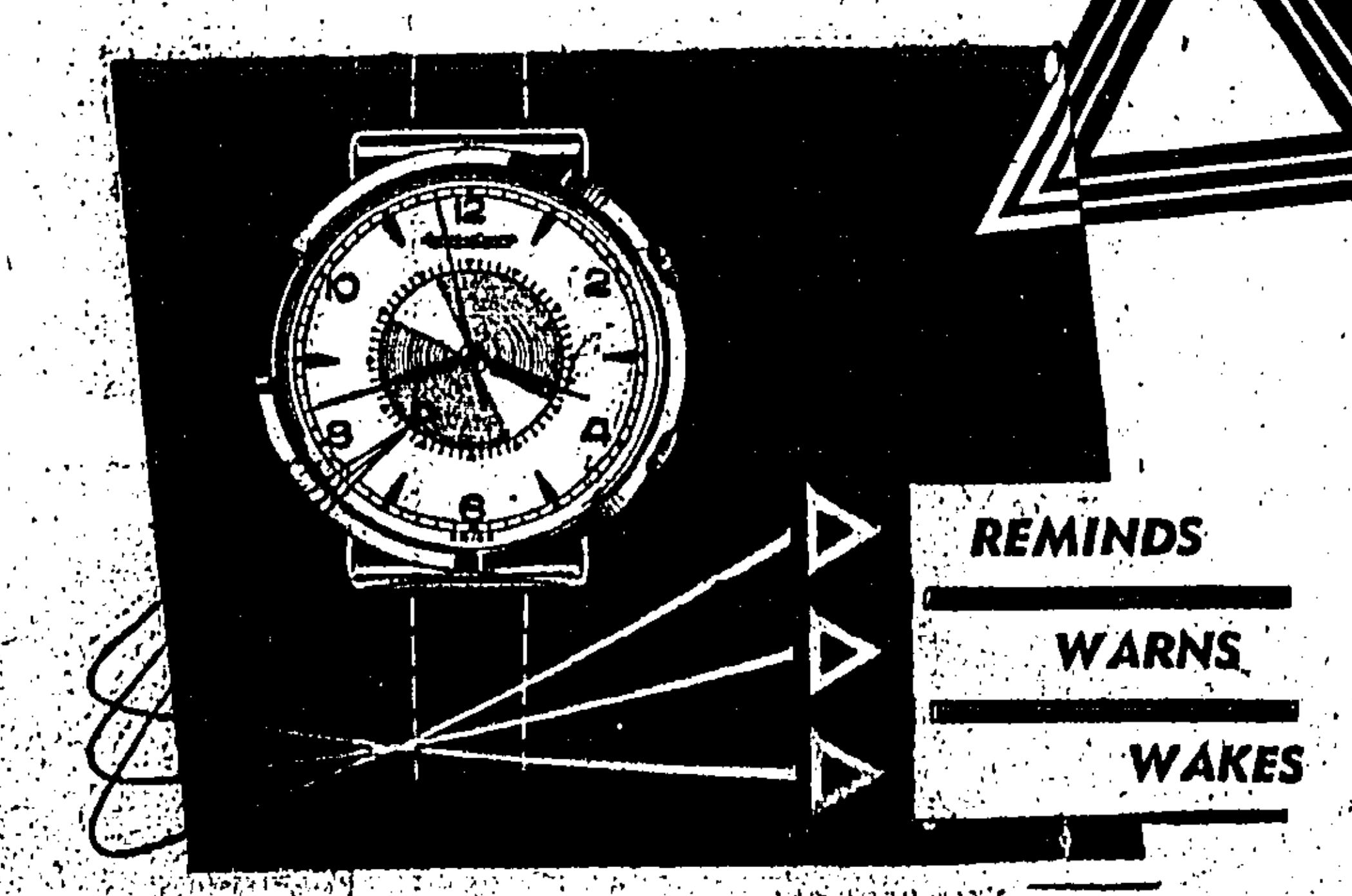
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ORANGE GINGERBREAD

BEAT TO A CREAM 40Z MARG. AND 30Z SUGAR

ADD A BEATEN EGG

AND THEN 40Z BLACK TREACLE, WARMED

NOW MIX IN THE GRATED RIND AND JUICE OF 1 ORANGE

AND LAST 1/2 TEASPOON OF BICARBONATE OF SODA DISSOLVED IN 1 TEASPOON OF WARM WATER

FOUR INTO A GREASED BAKING TIN LINED WITH PAPER, AND BAKE IN A MODERATE OVEN ABOUT 1 HOUR

1/2 LB FLOUR 3/4 CUP BUTTER 1/2 CUP SUGAR 1/2 CUP EGGS 1/2 CUP MILK 1/2 CUP OIL 1/2 CUP VANILLA 1/2 CUP BAKING POWDER 1/2 CUP SODA ASH 1/2 CUP LIME JUICE 1/2 CUP LIME RIND 1/2 CUP LIME PULP 1/2 CUP LIME SEEDS 1/2 CUP LIME LEAVES 1/2 CUP LIME TWIGS 1/2 CUP LIME BARK 1/2 CUP LIME ROOTS 1/2 CUP LIME FRUIT 1/2 CUP LIME SEEDS 1/2 CUP LIME LEAVES 1/2 CUP LIME TWIGS 1/2 CUP LIME BARK 1/2 CUP LIME ROOTS 1/2 CUP LIME FRUIT





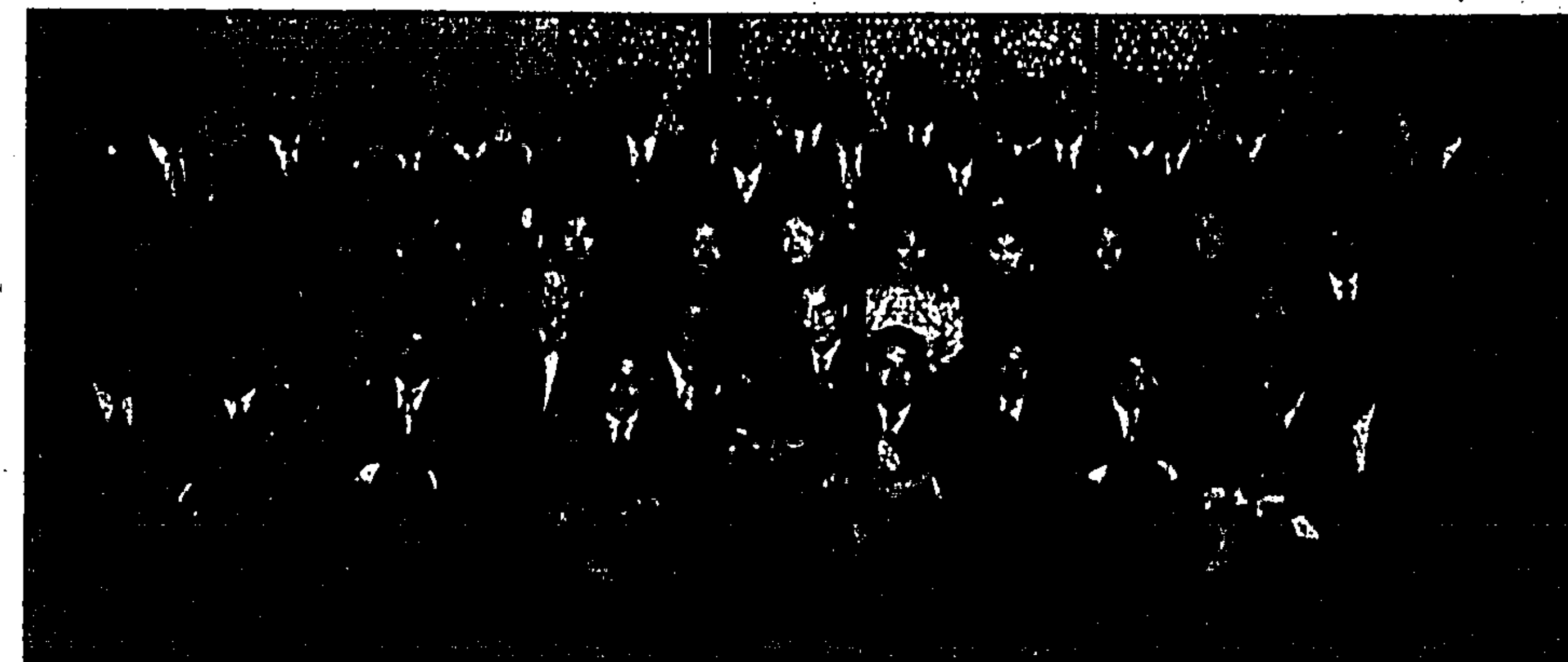
COLONEL L. T. Rido, Commandant of the Hongkong Defence Force, inspecting the Hongkong Auxillary Air Force at Kai Tak last Sunday. He presented wings to members of the Force during the parade. (Staff Photographer)



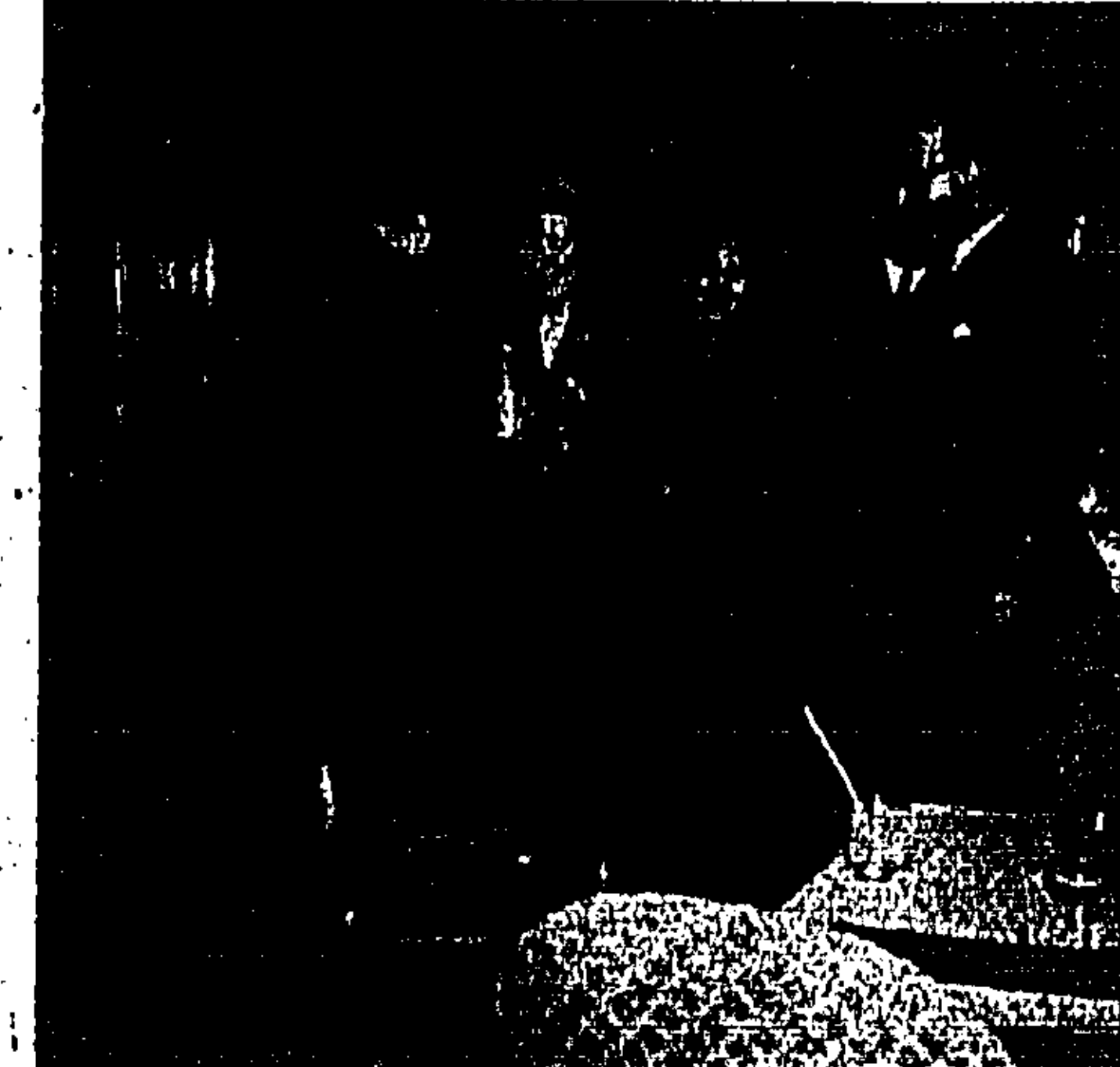
GROUP picture taken after the confirmation service held at St Andrew's Church last Sunday. With the 32 candidates who were confirmed are the Rt Rev. Ronald Hall, Bishop of Hongkong, and the Rev. J. H. Ogilvie, Vicar of St Andrew's. (Staff Photographer)



BRIDAL group taken after the wedding at the Rosary Church last Sunday of Mr Harry W. K. Yee and Miss Lily de Loberson. (Staff Photographer)



GRADUATES of the University of Michigan with guests who attended a reunion at the Bankers' Club last Sunday to celebrate the 140th anniversary of the founding of their alma mater. (Staff Photographer)



THE P & O Cup was won by the pony Pay Day at the annual race meeting. In the picture, the pony's owner, Dr the Hon. S. N. Chau, is seen receiving the trophy from Lady Morse at a ceremony held on board the liner Carthage last week. (Meo Choung)



MR C. C. Shak helps his bride, formerly Miss K. G. Wong, to cut the cake at their wedding reception held at the Hongkong Hotel last Sunday. (Francis Wu)



CAPTAIN and Mrs R. W. Millo with their baby son, Jonathan Royston, whose christening took place at St John's Cathedral last Sunday. (Ming Yuen)



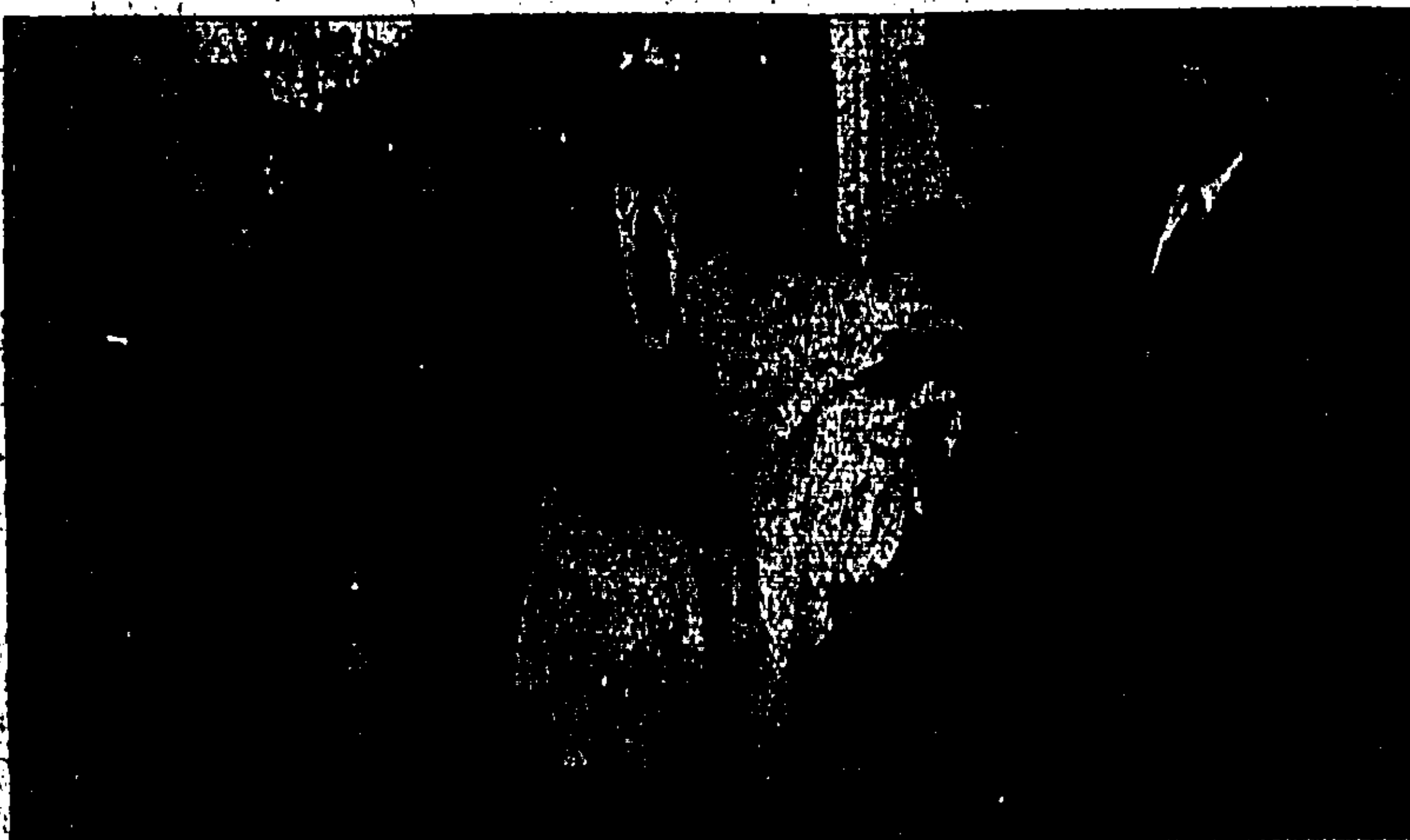
THE Director of Social Services, Mr J. C. McDouall, presenting prizes to YMCA campaign workers at a dinner held at the Tai Tung Restaurant on Monday. (Staff Photographer)



MR Hugh Wrigley, Australian Government Trade Commissioner (right), gave a cocktail party on Tuesday in honour of officers of HMAS Warramunga. With him in picture is Warramunga's commander, Captain O. H. Becher. (Staff Photographer)

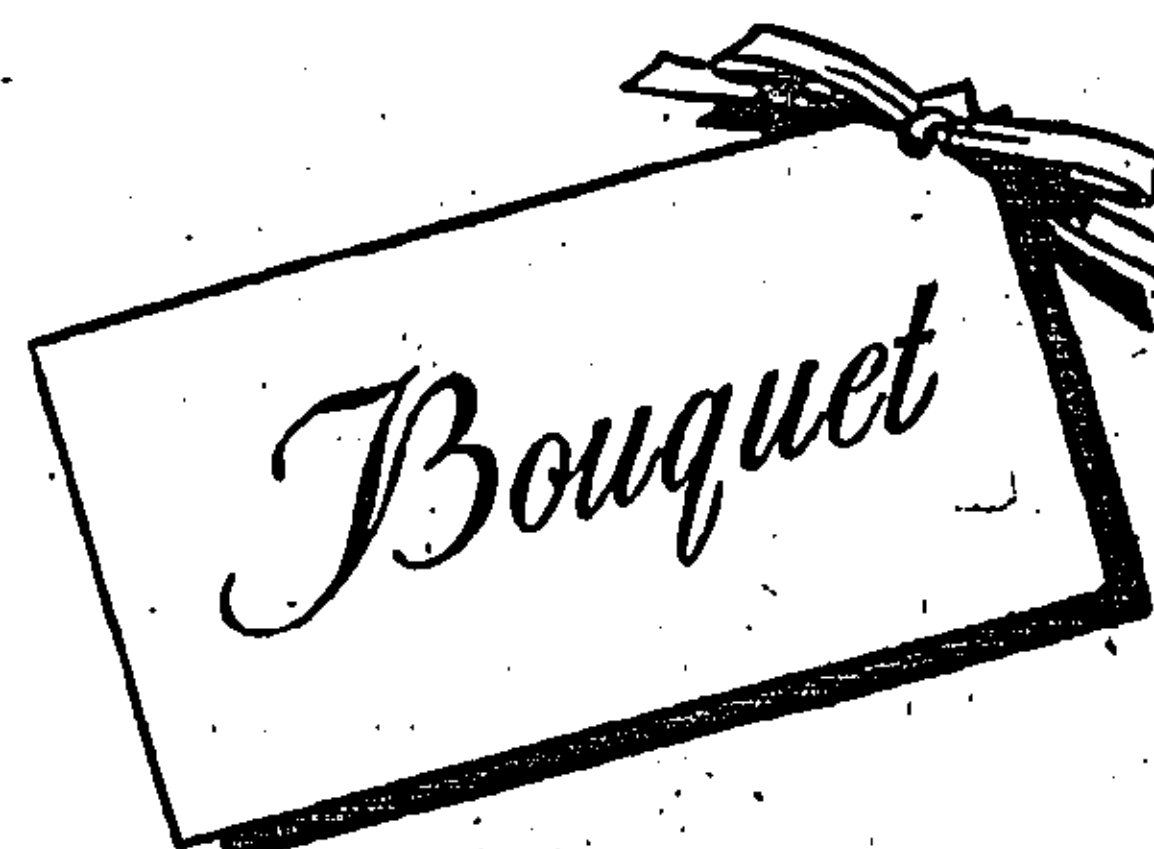


LEFT: The Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation seven-a-side rugby team, who won the Blarney Shield by beating HMS Tamar at Happy Valley last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Picture taken at St Joseph's Church last Saturday after the christening of Michael Shaun, infant son of Mr and Mrs V. Roach. (Ming Yuen)

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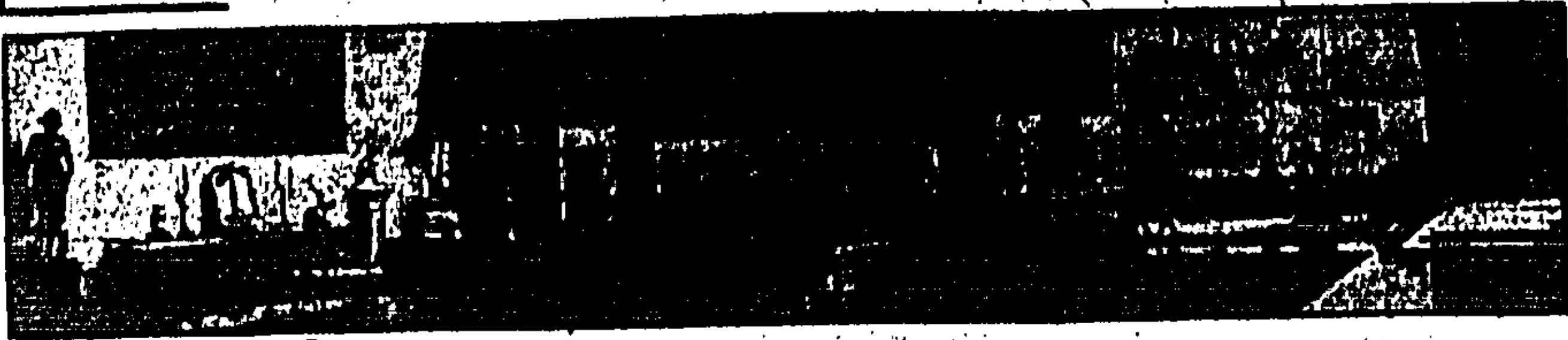
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	small \$ 5.50	Compact Rouge	\$ 6.95
Day Lotion	large \$18.95	Cream Rouge	\$ 5.50
	med. \$ 9.50	Mascara	\$ 3.00
	small \$ 5.50	Eye Pencil	\$ 1.95
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## THE GREAT STUDY AT KARINHALL



Picture taken by EITEL LANGE in January 1945, four months before Germany capitulated.

Now the days of splendour and luxury are ending: Fate and justice close the reign of...

BY now the war in the air over Germany was going badly.

On April 1, 1943, we were in Goering's special train when it was reported that ten enemy bombers had penetrated into Northern Germany, and Fighter Command had failed to locate them.

Suddenly I heard the announcement: "The Reichsmarschall is in command!"

Goering had taken over control of the operation!

He ordered all fighter groups into the air, and sent them through cloud and fog against the enemy. Ten bombers were brought down.

## STAR FADES

Now everybody seemed to say: "At last he has achieved something. At last he has shown real leadership."

Then amid murmuring and whispering Warrant Officer Guenther, the teleprinter operator, came to my side. His face was pale.

"The old man has just shot down ten German bombers," he whispered.

It was true. With that episode the last vestige of respect for Goering vanished. His star faded. He delegated his work to Jeschonnek, his Chief of Staff. Jeschonnek became the scapegoat.

After Stalingrad there was demerit. Goering's office staff would criticise him severely.

They could always find something to talk about, such as Emmy Goering's request for a fair tonic which had long been out of fashion. It was produced—not one bottle, but a crateful.

## SCAPEGOAT

On August 19 the special trains were ordered to Rothenburg.

Goering's lodge. There I heard that Jeschonnek had died suddenly in his coach.

I met his driver. He burst into tears. "I saw it coming, sir, I saw it coming," he said.

"He shot himself in his compartment."

He had been unable to bear the role of the scapegoat any longer.

Now it was time to go to Munich for the November 9 celebrations.

The day before the celebrations Goering summoned all the guilesters and, behind closed doors, disclosed the precarious situation of the Reich.

He called for a closing of the ranks, for iron resolution and faith in ultimate victory; he forecast the coming of secret weapons.

The contents of this speech spread in Munich like wildfire, for in the ante-room of the room where he had spoken was an amplification set which someone had forgotten to disconnect.

## WORRIES

So we came into 1944. Goering was chairman of the Council of Ministers for the Defence of the Reich. But he had other worries.

Camouflage nets for Karinhall had to be procured and fixed. Gifts for his birthday had to be displayed on his estates. He had to fulfil the wishes of his wife and the ladies at Karinhall.

He must see that all was right at Veldenstein and Mauterndorf Castle and at his chalet on the Obersalzberg.

To show the madness by which this man was possessed, as late as April 1945 he said to Architect Hertz, who was attending to alterations at Veldenstein Castle with a Pioneer Company: "When I return everything has to be finished."

Goering by now presumed Germany would lose the war, and probably he contemplated going into exile at Veldenstein.

## FATEFUL DAY

On the day of the Allied landings in Normandy, I was in the special train in East a jolly roost.

## THE FANTASTIC GOERING



RISING to applaud the opera performance in honour of his 50th birthday in January 1943—Goering, patron of the arts, with his wife Emmy.

Prussia. The event was received with apathy, by some with relief.

It became known that Hitler had immediately exclaimed: "Thank heaven they are here. Now I know at last where I can collar them."

Early in the morning of the fatal twentieth of July 1944, Colonel Brauchitsch emerged from the house, pale and in a great hurry. He heard him exclaim: "The private cars! Let them drive up as quickly as possible!"

Goering appeared and jumped into one car. Our destination was the Wolfsschanze, Hitler's lair.

One of the adjutants, Major Nuelle, broke the news to me: "There has been an attempt on the Fuehrer's life."

Hitler's ESCAPE

At the Wolfsschanze Goering ran to and fro exclaiming: "It's incredible!"

Hitler welcomed Goering. He walked slowly, haltingly; he stooped, his face lifeless, his eyes nervous; and he held his right hand with his left. They went together into the army hut where the bomb had exploded.

When I saw this shelter smashed into splinters I had to admit that Hitler's escape was incredible. We were shown the uniforms of the generals. There was the puddle of blood from the civilian stenographer who was sitting right above Colonel von Stauffenberg's attaché case (in which the bomb had been concealed) and who had both his legs blown off.

It was a mystery how anyone could have left alive this room, which was bristling with jagged splinters of wood, covered with blocks of concrete masonry.

IN COMFORT

After the state funeral for General Korten, who had been killed by the bomb, Goering drove back to Karinhall.

As the weeks passed, his private life continued unaffected by outside events and in greatest comfort.

When watching this sybaritic life at Karinhall, I found it hard to imagine that Goering had ever worked hard in his earlier years. And yet he was said to have founded the Pioneer Company by untiring labour.

Then a depressed and nervous atmosphere developed in the house. I was told that Frau Goering did not feel quite well; she was complaining of rheumatism. And then she suddenly expressed a wish to possess a living lion-cub.

It was brought from Breslau on Christmas Eve was presented by Santa Claus with in the special train in East a jolly roost.

Eventually it had to be sent back as it was found impossible to get the little beast into clean habits.

In 1943 Goering celebrated his birthday in his accustomed Olympian manner. Only four months before the capitulation, a gigantic celebration took place at Karinhall.

The Russians were now at the Oder, and, on April 12, I went to Karinhall firmly resolved to disappear for good from this stage upon which the curtain had risen for the last act.

I found Karinhall quiet and peaceful, for nothing had changed.

On April 13 I went up to Robert the valet's room. He was sitting in his chair, strumming his guitar in a melancholy mood.

I sat down opposite him, poured out a drink, and said: "Robert, I want to say goodbye to you. I thank you for all your kindness, and I wish you all the best."

Robert understood at once. He put aside his guitar, took his glass, and he said goodbye in the same simple way.

"I cannot blame you, if I could, I would go with you," he said.

I strolled for the last time through the park. What would become of Karinhall?

HOME IN RUINS

When, later, the Soviet troops approached, the most precious art treasures had already been brought to the south of the Reich. The special trains had been filled to the roof; they ended at Berchtesgaden—looted by the incensed population.

At Karinhall the last commander of the guard company, Captain Frankenberg, was left behind with a few men. All the effects—except the art treasures—were still in the house.

Captain Frankenberg had made all preparations with his men to destroy Karinhall. The rooms had been soaked with oil and petrol, and 22 bombs of heaviest calibre were spread all over the premises.

When the first Russian tanks could be heard approaching Captain Frankenberg set fire to Karinhall, on all sides and made the heavy bombs explode.

Ruined walls were all that was left of all the splendour, and the fantastic Goering awaited his fate.

THE END  
(World Copyright)  
(London Express Service)

OFF TO SAFETY

Then came the time when Emmy Goering left Karinhall in order to reach a place of safety.

In cars they left for Berchtesgaden. Little Edla, friends and relatives, the lady's maid Ida, her police officer, and her personal adjutant travelled with her.

Goering himself stayed until his departure at Easter to Veldenstein Castle.

Here the Pioneer company carrying out architectural alterations were told: "I demand of every man the quickest work. When I return, if everything is not in order up to the last nail, I will become very unpleasant."

CUMMINGS records an exclusive interview with STALIN

Even though we're Attlee's fierce sabre-rattling... his hysterical denunciations...

Me ruthless police persecution... we must not close the door to negotiations

London Express Service

## What a joy to see money being used so wisely!

By CHAPMAN PINCHER

SHRIVENHAM, Wilts.

I WISH I had had a Russian observer with me here today. For what I have seen at the Military College of Science adds up to a most stimulating and heartening report in what is so often the gloomy story of Britain's defences.

A Russian making notes at my elbow could have done more than a dozen diplomatic missions to convince the Kremlin of Britain's determination to triumph in a scientific war.

More, the bustling activity the Army has to show in this one centre would convince any M.P. that the £203,000 vote for the college this year is well deserved—and will be well spent.

Scores of regimental officers are being schooled here by front-rank professors to provide the atomic-age Army with a super-trained cadre of soldier-scientists.

After two or three years of intensive study most of the scientists-in-uniform will be posted to field units. Others will work with civilian "boffins" in Government defence laboratories.

Their job will be to see that what the fighting man needs is made known to the scientists who design intricate weapons like atom bombs and guided missiles. They will ensure that the finalised weapons are properly designed for use in action.

The atom...

In one laboratory, battle-seasoned officers were being shown the principles of guided rocket mechanisms. Others were getting the background to the atomic bomb by experimenting with radium.

Next door three Canadian officers were operating a split-second camera to photograph a bullet in flight.

In the biggest and best-equipped electrical engineering laboratory I have ever seen, a dozen men were experimenting with dynamos and motors.

Young officers fresh from Sandhurst were operating the latest types of plane-spotting equipment in the radar department.

Every kind of tank and lorry engine was being studied in the mechanical engineering shops.

Nearby, in a huge hangar, other officers were investigating the design of foreign tanks, guns, and rocket launchers.

The whole array of equipment must be worth millions. But it has been built up at the smallest possible cost.

Full use is being made of surplus war stores and captured foreign equipment.

Many intricate devices, such as a supersonic wind-tunnel, have been built in the college workshops.

Some of the country's finest brains are on the spot to train the Army scientists.

Sir Reginald Stradling, Britain's No. 1 wartime expert on Civil Defence, is in charge of the scientific staff. Famous men like radar-pioneer Professor Holt Smith, and aerodynamics expert Professor O. G. Sutton, work under him.

Double DSO

The military studies are directed, not by an academic man, but by one of the most widely experienced combat soldiers in the Army—35-year-old Major-General William Eldridge, a double DSO.

He never lets the officer-scientists forget that they are primarily fighting men.

What I have seen here convinces me that the Colonel Blimp mentality is playing no part in the technical reorganisation of the Army.

I report with pleasure that my view is strengthened that Britain is already much better prepared for defence than most people believe.

(London Express Service)

Spotlight on the Young Idea

From James White, Copenhagen

EVERY Danish child is exceptionally well looked after, at little cost to the parents.

Until the age of seven, every child has a periodical medical examination, and the Government has provided hundreds of recreation grounds. Perhaps there are not quite enough day nurseries where working mothers can leave their children.

Boy Scouts exceed 60,000 compared with 44,000 in 1943, and there are more Girl Guides and ramblers.

Education—compulsory for 200 years—is free from primary schools to university.

From Henry Thody, Paris

Sports and new teaching methods have not made much impression on the French educational system.

(School children still put in much hard study in their basic school years, and work a 48-hour week, excluding home-work, against their fathers' fixed 40-hour factory week.

Most of France's larger industries now have their own training schools. Workers' sons are trained there to do more skilled and higher-paid jobs than their fathers.

From Robert Shearer, Rome

As many Italian mothers are helping the new munitions drives, more children are left in the care of factory nursery committees.

The older children—14-16—look after themselves.

The Boy Scout movement exists, but it is linked with the vast "Catholic Action" and is a very secondary cog.

A university education is denied to the poor boy or girl. There are a few private bursaries, and fees may be paid by the State in the case of a very promising youth, but there still remains the question of his upkeep.

Much worthwhile talent never receives a chance.

From Ian Stanbury, Hamburg

West Germany's lusty children still face two serious obstacles.

Today's children—the children who have never known a newspaper without talk of war, who may have survived the hardships of bombing and enemy occupation, or at least known rationing and queues—are studied this week.

First, there is the acute accommodation shortage, due to war damage. As many as three schools are still using one damaged building, on a shift basis.

The second handicap is the adult disillusionment—product of the Nazi debacle—which is inevitably reflected in the children, so that alarmingly cynical 12 or 14-year-olds are common.

Some 60 percent of all children belong to a youth organisation which provides sound vocational and recreational opportunities, although political notions tend to become warped.

Religious groups, Boy Scouts and sporting clubs can claim only some 40 percent of the total.

From Hugo Kuranda, Zurich

The hardy, individualistic Swiss legislators provide money for "country" schools of all grades to provide free or near-free education, irrespective of parents' financial means. Be-

yond this, however, the parents must be responsible for the upbringing of their children.

Most Swiss mothers have the time to look after their own children. Few go out to work.

After the cantonal or country primary school the brighter children may go on to cantonal secondary schools and eventually to a university.

From Rodney Campbell, New York

The average American teenager is not a gum-chewing near-maniac in a cowboy suit, although nightly fights take place in Brooklyn and Harlem between gangs christened "Razor Boys" and even girl gangs called "The Debs."

The coming generation in the United States is a fairly stable, entirely likable, often bad-mannered but always disarming fraternity that suffers too much, if anything, from being told too often how to do things.

American children appear to have more independence at home than children in Britain, and this leads to parents spoiling their children.

Such is the television craze at present that more than half the teen-age population spends more time over TV sets than over school desks.

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# THE CHINESE ARE VANISHING FROM LONDON'S CHINATOWN



In a classroom at North Street LCC School, Marion Bieg (9) thinks things over.



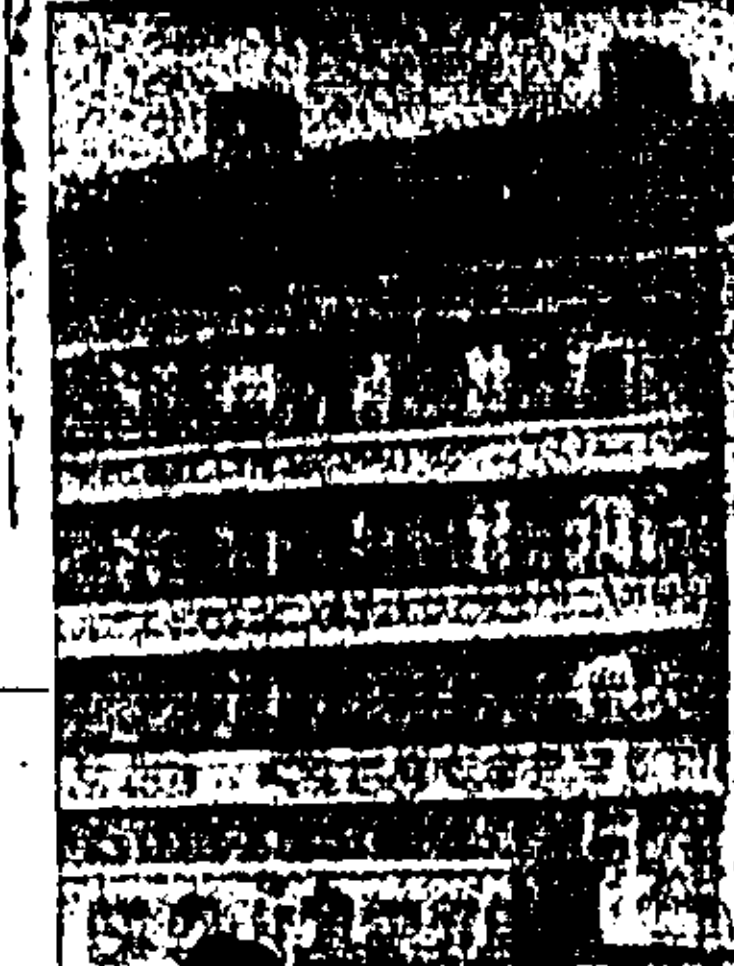
For a quarter of an hour one seaman talks, the other listens. What is all this unending conversation about? Not Mao, not Chiang—but a new political thriller, the story of the tanker's battle with stormy seas in the Bay of Biscay.



Chef Kong ah Khal fries an oily dish of woodies at a restaurant in Pennyfields. He is a Malayan and came to London from Singapore 12 years ago.



A Chinese housewife has come from the suburbs to buy vegetables from her friend, Mrs. Nap, who speaks the minimum of English and trades by means of nods and smiles.



Where Limehouse Causeway teemed with the busy life of London's poorer Chinatown, there are now bare bomb sites and big blocks of council flats. Then it was called Chinese Causeway. Now the Chinese have scattered—some for home, some to the suburbs, some to Liverpool. In the whole of England now there are fewer than 10,000 Chinese, compared with 90,000 in New York's Chinatown. In 1934 the Chinese in London alone numbered 10,000.

## Mr. Chan finds bamboo shoots are scarce

唐人街

by EVELYN IRONS

A 62-YEAR-OLD Chinese from Pennyfields, Poplar, has just been gaoled for a year because he was caught in bed by police as he was about to smoke his opium pipe.

So far as we from the days of Sax Rohmer and his dens of oriental vice that even this modest case made news. London's Chinatown was well on its way to respectability years ago; but now it has dwindled almost out of existence.

Thousands of Chinese used to live in the little streets to right and left of the West India Dock Road as it runs down to Millwall. Today there are only 150 of them.

I discovered no enthusiasts for the present Chinese government in their midst; they tend to be conservative in their notions. In one Chinese office was a portrait of Chiang. But there was neither sign nor talk of Mao.

Those American-dressed slant-eyed men you see around the district are not regular residents, but some of the merchant seamen whose ships from the Far East—the Glen Line, the Ben boats and others—happen to be in dock at the time.

"I see many, many changes," says 70-year-old Mr. Poy Fong, who keeps a little grocery shop in Pennyfields. He ran away to sea as a boy; settled in Britain 45 years ago and married a London girl. But, like many of his Limehouse compatriots, he has learned little English all that time, and still finds great difficulty in expressing himself in anything but Chinese.

These are romantically named Jamaica, Grenada, St. Vincent and so on, to recall the glamour of the West Indies; but ordinary Cockneys live in them.

Today most of London's Chinatown is crammed into Pennyfields, narrow little street gap-toothed with bombing, but still strictly Oriental in atmosphere despite its four British public-houses.

Once there was a Chinese school in Pennyfields, where London-born children learned the language and customs of their ancestors. Now the children go to LCC schools,

who lived there, and you see not a trace of the old crowded Chinese shops, restaurants and rooming-houses except an occasional shell of ruined walls. The rest is the emptiness of cleared bomb sites or great blocks of new workers' flats.

None of the children I saw was entirely Chinese. I was told that there are only three 100-per-cent Chinese women in Chinatown today. Chinese men, settling in London, usually marry English or partly-Chinese girls.

One of the Chinese women, Mrs. Nap, was serving potatoes, cabbages, tomatoes, leeks to the chair in the saloon where Edgar Wallace sat on his copy-finding visits to the Chinatown of other days. "In all my thirty years here," he said, "I have read lots of hokey about Chinatown. But mind you, Mr. Wallace was good."

Landlord Mann pointed to the chair in the saloon where Edgar Wallace sat on his copy-finding visits to the Chinatown of other days. "In all my thirty years here," he said, "I have read lots of hokey about Chinatown. But mind you, Mr. Wallace was good."

Blame the bombs

"It was the bombs," explained Mr. Fong when asked why he had so few Chinese customers nowadays.

It is all too evident that Mr. Fong is right. Go down Limehouse Causeway, known pre-war as Chinese Causeway because of the hundreds

who lived there, and you see not a trace of the old crowded Chinese shops, restaurants and rooming-houses except an occasional shell of ruined walls. The rest is the emptiness of cleared bomb sites or great blocks of new workers' flats.

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None of the children I saw was entirely Chinese. I was told that there are only three 100-per-cent Chinese women in Chinatown today. Chinese men, settling in London, usually marry English or partly-Chinese girls.

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## BOOKS

# A FEW SLARS FOR PRIVATE TAKEO

by George Malcolm Thomson

LONG THE IMPERIAL WAY. By Hanama Tasaki. Gollancz, 12s. 6d. 320 pages.

THIS novel is written with a dual purpose: (1) to work off its author's guilt-complex; and (2) to enable Mr Tasaki to buy a pedigree boar for his pig farm. I do not know about the guilt-complex, but Mr Tasaki ought to get his boar.

He has written, in his own peculiar but effective version of the English language, an account of a soldier's life in the Imperial Army of Japan, now funny, now horrifying, all the time enlightening. Mr Tasaki is Japanese and knows what he is talking about.

Nobody has ever been inclined to take the Japanese army lightly. Nobody will be any more likely to do so after reading how peasant boys are turned into death-defying warriors by the savage discipline and stupefying indoctrination of the Imperial Way.

After a few months of respectfully reciting the Five Imperial Doctrines and being slapped incessantly by Honourable Senior Soldiers and Honourable Privates First Class, the Japanese recruit, a shell of the warm constructive individual he was born to become, is a brave and obedient soldier.

Such are Takeo, the first year soldier, and his young friends of the Hamamoto company, whose careers in the China War we follow. They have many sorrows. Miki, for example, is caught by the Kempei (military police) while visiting a forbidden establishment in the native quarter.

"You are a bother," says the Kempei. After which they knock Miki down with a judo trick, kick him twice on the jaw and once in the stomach. There is a great deal of that kind of thing along the Imperial Way.

In the intervals of being slapped, the young Japanese soldiers amuse themselves at the expense of the Chinese peasants, while their officers, "shining washed and shaved," frequent geisha houses which are doing a "prosperous, booming business."

There they listen to the chatter of the girls or discuss fine points of philosophy or religion, e.g. is an officer bound to commit hara-kiri on an order (not from the Emperor—that would go without saying—but from a superior)? Later, pleasures take a less lofty turn, for only the very youngest officers do not succumb to "the debilitating enchantments of the geishas."

A satire which falls half in love with its victim.

PETER VANSITTART: born 1921; educated Hallowbury and Oxford; now lecturer in history.

(London Express Service).

Headmaster's reports are another matter and fall into the usual categories: the wealthy parents who must not be offended, the interfering parents who must, and so forth. In this respect, therefore, the Wilderness is not out of touch with general practice.

In a school where the pupils read Aldous Huxley and the matron, Sheila, although unmarried, has a baby, it is surprising to find that the young people not only insist on playing football against a rival school, but actually win the match. Re-actonary? In orientation let it be said that their opponents are very small boys indeed and that the tactics of the progressive forces are unconventional.

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## They made the pools a cert?

CALCUTTA police have just dealt a death blow to the world's most expensive football pool—stakes of £500 instead of penny points. The thirty or so members who have been illegally betting tens of thousands of pounds weekly on Bengal football teams would probably still be doing so if a number of leading players had not suddenly developed a mysterious inability to score.

A well-known goalkeeper even became temporarily paralysed at a crucial moment of an important game, somehow failing to stop a slow-motion shot from trickling into the net through his arms. His team lost, but the goalkeeper drove away in a new car.

Police made inquiries. Plain clothes men took jobs as groundsman, linesmen and trainers to watch for louts offering bribes. None appeared, but certain players were seen paying frequent visits to a fashionable sports club near the big Calcutta stadium.

There they drank and chatted with diamond-studded gold-turbaned businessmen who seemed to take an unusually keen interest in football.

Messengers of the club were found to be carrying betting slips to a small insurance office in the poorer part of the city. This proved to be the pool's headquarters. From a list of notes and cheques for £80,000 were found in the safe. And some pool members, after swearing they had never gambled in their lives, grudgingly admitted they had been double-crossing their colleagues by trying to arrange results to suit their bets.

The proceedings against several pool members and players, who were all heavily fined, showed the pool was a travesty of those in Britain. The businessmen who joined it were Marwaris, the wealthiest trading group in India.

"Crazy" bets

MOST individual stakes exceeded £2,000 weekly, hazarded by the number of goals a team or player would score. They did not bother about home or away matches, for there are few major teams in Bengal. None followed up form or attempted permutations. A few "paragons" cautiously distributed got better results.

Marwaris will bet on anything. Two of them sitting at home with nothing particular to do will put £1,000 on the number of lines in a newspaper column, on the first letter of the surname of the first stranger to enter the room.

As the monsoon clouds gather, they assemble in the courtyard of their houses and wait for the first drops of rain to funnel out of the surrounding drizzles. Thousands go to whoever guesses which pipe will gush first.

Marwaris are notoriously kind to one another and establish in

dealing with others. They will lose everything but their honour. A Marwari may walk into another Marwari's house and ask for a loan of £50,000. The other man may not have seen him before, but on the sacred Marwari oath—"by this hair of my beard"—he will hand over the money without question. And he will be absolutely certain of getting it back, from the debtor's descendants if the borrower fails.

Now barred

THEIR insatiable zest for gambling explains why Indian gambling laws on racing are so strict, a police officer told me. "Betting is allowed only through the official bookmakers through the course. If the whole thing was not strictly controlled we would have racing nobbled, too."

The answer used to be foreign football pools—betting on the results of British matches—but even that is now barred. Several British football pools extended their activities to India before the war and resumed soon afterwards.

They cabied fixtures lists to their offices in Bombay, which transmitted them in turn to regional offices all over the country.

B.B.C. listening figures soared on Saturday night around midnight, when football results came through. But India's growing shortage of foreign exchange forced the Government to prohibit such luxuries. So the "Two Anna Dip" languished and died, leaving the field free for the men with the gold turbans.

Manipulating the matches, they have only succeeded in getting the football pools banned and have brought some first-class teams into disrepute.

"That doesn't bother the Marwaris," say the police. "Nothing can make them give up gambling. They have probably started another hush-hush pool already."

This pools affair has had a bad effect on football, apart from the bribery involved. It has created riots at some games. During the Calcutta football season police in armoured cars go into action with rifles and tear-gas.

The most terrifying experience in the world in playing before a Calcutta crowd," said one Bengali footballer after a visit to Britain. Some of our crowds look like tigers at feeding time."

Linesman stabbed

AT some matches picked up by squads of police have to be directed by radio to separate rival supporters before the knives begin to flash. Not so long ago a linesman who caught a star player handling the ball was stabbed to death by an infuriated fan. A bomb was thrown at the referee in a "friendly" match. Luckily it failed to explode. Some referees are taken home in armoured cars.















[illegible]